



ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1889.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLCOTT'S HOLLOW.

THE boundary between the Branch Farm and the adjoining estate occupied by Daniel Ranall had long been a prolific source of internal dissension. For four generations the two families had dwelt side by side, and from time to time various social and financial differences had served to keep green and augment the ancient quarrel. Under these circumstances, it was not a little singular that two of the Ranall's boys should have elected to go to Simeon Branch's for their wives, when there were, as everybody knew, plenty of maidens as well favored to be had for the asking.

It was generally supposed that a peace had been cemented when Tom Ranall and Mary Branch were married; but it proved to be only a peace "from the teeth out," as Rosana Branch grimly phrased it. Fifteen years later, when it became apparent that young Robert Ranall had a decided preference for Margaret, both families regarded the situation with grave misgivings.

"I pray t' the good Lord," piously supplicated old Mrs. Ranall, "that no more o' my boys'll marry them 'ere red-headed Branch girls."

And, when Robert, with the sublime effrontery of youth and love, boldly avowed his passion, and asked for Margaret, Mrs. Branch—it was from their mother that the girls had inherited their rufescent locks—rose and, not deigning to answer, indignantly left the room.

Robert, nothing daunted, persisted in carrying on his courtship at every opportunity; and as for Margaret—but Margaret is a very capable young person, and shall speak for herself.

She sat at her ease in a stiff-backed old arm-chair by the window, one summer afternoon. The last rays of sunlight fell aslant through the lilac bushes without, and evoked golden glimmers amid the red-brown of her hair. There was an un wonted flush upon her fair face; her long curled lashes drooped and shadowed the violet-blue of her eyes. She started when Rosana flung open the door of the sitting-room and entered tempestuously.

Rosana was the eldest of the family, and had taken entire management of the farm since her father's death. She was a tall, slender woman of forty, with a figure erect and shapely, despite the years of toil and exposure which had hardened her hands and browned and roughened her complexion. Her features were strong and regular; the expression of her dark eyes, and the resolute curve of her mouth and chin indicated a firm will and tenacity of purpose. She had a flushed, harassed look as she dropped wearily into a chair.

"I declare I never was so clean beat out in m' life!" she exclaimed, as she took off her dark calico sun-bonnet, and vigorously fanned herself with it. "Them cattle of Ranall's got in the wheat ag'in, an' I'd an awful fight t' git them out. I

jist druv them straight home, an' shet them up in the barnyard, an' I 'low t' keep 'em there till they come after them. They've been cuttin' over on us, too. I come up through the timber an' seen where a big white oak hed been cut clear the bridth of itself across the line. I'm not goin' t' put up with it a day longer than next week, when the Squire'll be at home, an' I'll hev them sued fur damages."

"Mebby it's a mistake," ventured Margaret. "They wouldn't likely 'a' cut it a-purpose."

"Cut it a-purpose!" repeated the elder woman, scornfully. "Yes, they would. They know where that line is as well as I do. People that's mean enough not t' fix their fences 'll do anything. Fur as long as I kin remember I've slaved, an' worried, an' worked m' very soul-case out runnin' after their cattle an' hogs, an' tryin' t' keep peace a'tween us; but they'll find a difference after this. I'll hev every cent o' damages, if there's a law t' make 'em pay it. An' Marg'et, if I was you, I'd hev more pride 'n' spirit than t' hev Bob Ranall hangin' roun', after what's come an' gone. Everybody knows he's jist countin' on gittin' in here t' run things."

There was a flash in Margaret's eyes, and she crimsoned to the roots of her blonde hair. She turned to the window and began drumming softly on the sill. "You wouldn't hev so much to see after then," she replied, demurely.

Rosana's face darkened. "Marg'et," she said, sternly, "never do you dare to hint the like to me. This is your home as long as you keer t' stay in it; if yo' want t' live with a Ranall's yo' kin take your own an' go. But as long as mother an' me's spared there'll be no room here fur him, mind that." She rose abruptly, and went out.

Margaret did not stir. She looked out on the close-cropped yard and rigorously clean and tidysurroundings with a gravely

impassive face. Every available spot had been whitewashed; the palings, the out-buildings, the stones, the old, old pots and tubs filled with gay blooming flowers, even the tree trunks shone white and ghostly in the slowly deepening twilight. The house, a long, low, rambling structure, had the appearance of having been built at intervals as the needs of the household demanded. As these additions had been painted, each in its turn, they were distinctly defined by sundry gradations of a dull, neutral tint. The sun had disappeared beyond the Green Lea; dusky shadows dominated the rugged valley; but the sunlight lay like a golden aureole on the eastern summits, and the azure sky was ribbed with crimson.

Mrs. Branch came in presently, a slight, delicate-looking old woman in cap and spectacles. "Marg'et, I wisht you'd run over to Mrs. Willson's an' ast her fur some cowcum'er seed. The bugs hes et ourn, every stalk, an' I'll have to plant more right off. Hurry, fur it's gittin' late." She was too feeble to assume any domestic cares, but she persisted in pottering about the house and garden with a puerile show of industry.

"Yes, mother," said Margaret, "I'll go right off; an' you set down here, an' don't be tryin' t' light the lamp till Rosana comes in."

An hour later, Margaret, walking homeward, was joined by Robert Ranall.

"What's the hurry, Maggie? Let's set down a spell an' talk things over."

"There aint anything t' talk over as I know of," said Margaret, gravely. "Besides, Rosana says I oughtn't t' be hangin' roun' with you."

"Shucks! I guess yo're old enough t' do as yo' please. Rosana's got her Dutch up agin I reckon; Tim said she hed our cattle shet up in the barnyard an' he hed t' go an' let 'em out."

"An' she done right, too," flashed Margaret, hotly. "They were all raidin' through the wheat an' broke it down, an'

tramped it jist scandalous. 'Taint much wonder Rosana's kind o' down on you-uns."

"Well, I swang! Maggie, I didn't know the fence was down; I 'low the storm must hev blowed it over night a'fore last. That 'ere fence allus ketches the wind bad. Ef I'd a' knowed it, I'd a' fixed it right off."

"I don't b'lieve Rosana was as mad about the fence as she was about the timber," replied Margaret, not so easily placated. "She says somebody's been cuttin' acrost the line ag'in."

"Is that so? Pap's hed old Sarvis makin' rails out there, but I don't know nothin' about where they cut. I'll see about it, Maggie; I'll hev it fixed up if they're got over on you-uns."

"I'm afraid yo' won't fix much with Rosana. She's detarmined on suin' your pap fur damages, an' if she sets herself there aint no movin' her."

She spoke in a troubled voice; but her anger was short-lived. She tranquilly seated herself on the log by Bob's side as if to make amends for her harshness; it was a tacit assurance of her belief in him.

"'Pears like somethin' was allus goin' wrong. Pap's a most mighty keerless; but then Rosana don't give a fullo' no show. She's bound fur t' rule ur ruin; an' she'll never agree a' our gittin' married, Maggie, nur let your mother agree to it, nuther. If she gits a suit up, we'll be worse friends than ever," he added, gloomily.

"Rosana 'll never git over it."

"Then what's the use o' waitin'?" he asked, taking her slim fingers in his brawny palm. "Let's go an' git married unbeknownst; they kin say what they like afterward."

"Oh! no! no, Bob!" protested Margaret, drawing back in affright. "I couldn't, mother'd take it awful hard; an' Rosana's allus been good t' me. She never said a cross word to me about anything, but goin' with you. An', Bob," she

added, timidly, "she'll never give up farmin'. She won't let yo' hev the place; she said she wouldn't."

"I don't want it," exclaimed Bob, indignantly. "Rosana needn't think I'm sneakin' roun' after this farm, fur I kin git a dozen jist as good fur askin'. I don't say but what it'd be nice fur us both t' be so near my friends an' yourn; an' if Rosana jist thought so, she could live 'thout work, an' welcome. But I aint agoin' t' ast fur favors from nobody. I've got enough t' start on, Maggie, a'ready; an' if yo'll jist say the word—"

Poor Margaret; there were tears in her blue eyes, but she shook her head. "Wait," she urged, "wait a little while, an' mebbly somethin' 'll turn up."

Meanwhile the moon had come up, grandly flooding the heavens with a silvery radiance in which the few stars paled and throbbed. The steep, rugged hills were transformed—idealized in the white glamour of the moonbeams. No wind stirred; the trees and shrubbery cast long motionless shadows, and the door-yard with its whitewashed adornments gleamed pallid and uncanny as a graveyard amid the gloom. The lovers paused for a last "Good-night" in the dark shade of the maple by the gale; and once more Margaret tremulously besought him to have patience.

—
"There, now! I 'lowed that 'd be the next thing. This 's a purty business. I don't know what 'n the name o' sense ails yo' t' go prancin' an' teeterin' along as flisky as a two-year-old, yo' old dunce yo'."

The big angular brown mare thus apostrophized, looked tractable enough, as she stood quite still, meekly surveying the prostrate sack, alternately moving her slender, flexile ears back and forth with what appeared to be a perfectly intelligent appreciation of the situation. Rosana clasped her hands with an exasperated gesture. "I might as well try t' lift the anvil, as that bag," she pursued, sharply.

"I'll hev t' wait till somebody comes along—an' land knows when that'll be."

The long, narrow valley simmered in the hot yellow glare which filled the heavens, and beat upon the earth with all the splendid, relentless fervor of a July sun. Rosana Branch drew a long breath of dismay at the prospect. "If I've got t' wait here all afternoon," she said, seating herself on the sack, and putting an effectual check on the mare's herbivorous tendencies by slipping her arm through the rein, "there'll not be a speck o' color left in this dress. I wouldn't a hed this caligo, if I'd a knowed it was goin' t' bleach like a dish-rag." She spread her dark gingham apron as well as possible over her gown, and pinned the corners of her sun-bonnet beneath her chin.

How hot it was! It looked ridiculous to be sitting there in the middle of the road, and Rosana was particularly sensitive to ridicule. She would have been glad to have seen even the Major; but there was no sign of life about the big house that stood, dilapidated and disorganized, encompassed by shrubbery and evergreens as dilapidated and disorganized as itself.

It was a phenomenal structure for Chillcott's Hollow—a three-storied frame building, with pillared portico and flimsy balconies and steep roof surmounted by a shattered cupola. It had an unfinished appearance, as if the workmen had thrown down their tools and suddenly disbanded. The exterior was grimly weather-beaten; many of the windows were boarded up; there was no inclosing fence, and the sumac and laurel and blackberry vines grew close to the damp walls and rotting porches.

Because of its ostentatious proportions, so oddly incongruous with its barren surroundings, and unkempt, poverty-stricken aspect, it had been facetiously denominated "The Castle." The Major had found its erection a costly experiment. Every cent of his inherited fortune had

gone into it—his fortune in love as well.

Something very like a mist suffused the woman's dark eyes as they lingered over the bare ruin with abrupt realization of its tragic details. It had all happened so long ago; and hers had been a busy life. Of late she had felt terribly harried and driven by care and overwork. There was Margaret's trouble, too; and now coming up here to-day, for the first time in years, she was suddenly assailed by the poignant anguish of memories that she had thought were long since stilled.

She realized vaguely that she had never fully understood him. She was so intensely thrifty, practical, and energetic that the slow, easy-going, visionary man, content with a pipe and a book, had seemed to her merely idle and shiftless. Perhaps she had been hard and selfish. Would life have been easier and happier if they had helped each other? It had never before occurred to her to doubt or question; she had always been so sure of herself; she had taken such pride and satisfaction in her work, her independence, her prosperous existence.

"It wasn't him bein' queer an' shiftless," she soliloquized, going over the old argument, striving to reassure herself. "I could 'a' put up with that if he hadn't 'a' took t' buildin' that fool-house, an' hevin' the whole country laughin' an' jeerin' at him. Everbody 'lowed he cal'lated on marryin' a rich wife, that's what I couldn't abide. I was be bound he wasn't goin' t' git pap's hard-arnt savin's, jist fur the askin', an' spread 'em round in outlandish foolery like that. An' I didn't g' roun' the bush about tellin' him, 'ither. An' he flared up mad—I never knowed he hed sich a temper before. An', says I, 'I'll never set a foot inside that there fool-house if I live fur a thousan' years; an' he says, says he, 'I'll never ast yo' if yo' live *two thousan'*.' An' the next day he turned off the hands, an' there never was another stroke o' work done on it. He

needn't 'a' done that, he might as well gone on an' made a finished job of it, but that was jist like him. Well, it's all over as far 's I'm concerned, an' I don't see but I'm better off every way without him."

She started to her feet; some one was coming down the road. It was the Major.

"Rosana!"

"Yes, it's me," answered Rosana, promptly. "I'd be awful much obliged if yo'd give me a lift with this here bag, Major. Bet got t' caperin' roun' an' jist tilted it off. It's a little sand I was up the mountain after, t' patch a bit o' plasterin' with. I hed Jim Blake along t' help, but I sent him home across the fields. I ought t' be home too, 'stid o' dallyin' here all afternoon; fur I 'lowed t' set Jim t' mowin', an' I bet he'll never think o' doin' a thing if I aint there t' tell him."

The Major cordially lent his assistance. But in the act of replacing the sack on the beast, he trod upon a smooth, round stone, and his ankle received a twist which forced from him an exclamation of pain.

"What is it? Are you hurt?" asked Rosana, anxiously.

"A little. It's my ankle; I guess I gave it a pretty bad wrench."

"Oh! yo've hurt yourself, helpin' me," she exclaimed, looking at him with a piteous deprecation of which she was unconscious.

"Taint much; I guess I'd best try t' git up t' the house," he said lightly. He attempted to move but sank back, his face white and drawn.

"Wait till I git yo' a staff," said Rosana, whose dominant impulse was always to help, to act. She hastily tied the mare, and found him a stout stick. "Let me help yo'. Put your hand on m' shoulder, an' lean on me, that way. Yo' ought t' take your shoe off right away, an' put on some flannels dipped in salt an' vinegar." And so supporting him, she accompanied him as he toiled

slowly and painfully up the weed-choked path, and over the threshold she had vowed she would never cross. From the wide, bare hall she had glimpses of empty, unplastered, unpainted rooms on either side.

A single comfortless, untidy apartment at the end of the passage constituted his bachelor quarters.

The light struggled dimly through the grimy, cobwebbed sashes of the shutterless windows. The fire was out; dust lay thick over the chairs and tables and shelves, which were occupied by an indiscriminate collection of pipes, tobacco, cooking utensils, garments, and soiled and tattered volumes.

Rosana helped him into a chair, which she instinctively wiped with her apron, and speedily applied the simple remedies at hand. The Major submitted as if it had been the most natural thing in the world. He was tall and powerfully built. There were gray glimmers in the long tawny hair that fell about his face, and covered his breast; it gave him a certain fierceness, corrected by the even gentleness of his blue eyes.

Rosana lingered. "I wisht there was somethin' else I could do fur yo'," she said.

"Thanky kindly, Rosy. There's nothin', unless you'd stop as yo' go past, an' tell sister Mary t' come up. She mostly allus comes when I need anybody."

Rosy! the old fond name. None but he had ever called her that. She stumbled down the path and untied the mare with shaking fingers and throbbing heart and cheeks that were a living rose indeed.

That night, when all in the house were asleep, she knelt before a small cedar chest in her own room, and unearthed, from its voluminous wrappings of old newspapers, the shiny purple silk that was to have been her wedding gown. She held it up in the play of the lamp-light, and smoothed with caressing touches the folds and creases cut into its lustrous

surface, and cried over it, softly. After a time she hastily thrust it back in the chest. "I wouldn't hev anybody know I was so silly fur the world," she murmured, ashamed of her own foolish sentimentality about a dress.

As a week passed and Rosana said nothing further about instituting legal proceedings against Daniel Ranall, both Margaret and Bob were at a loss to account for her silence, and marveled at it not a little in secret.

Early, one morning, Rosana was at work in the spring-house that stood in a ravine below the garden, when Bob appeared in the doorway.

"Morning, Rosana. I guess them cattle of our'n wont give yo' any more bother," he began, abruptly. "I fixed that fence the whole way through."

"Well, I reckon they'll stay out now," said Rosana. She stooped to lift a heavy crock out of the running water, but Bob anticipating her, strode to her side.

"Let me lift that 'ere, Rosana."

"Oh! yo' don't need t' bother," she protested; but she looked pleased and flattered. "How's your mother gittin' along?" she asked, kindly.

"She's purty poorly. I think she'd be better if she'd quit workin', an' rest a spell."

"Reckon we'd all be better fur a rest. Farmin' makes more work than a man's able t' do, let alone a woman. I'm 'most worn out hevin' t' see after everything. When you an' Marg'et gits married, you kin come here t' live, an' I'll give the farmin' into your hands."

"Well," stammered the young fellow, too bewildered to think of a fitting rejoinder. He reddened and laughed confusedly. "I never was so gum-sucked in m' life," he declared afterward. "Yo' might a' knocked me down with a feather."

Many speculations were preferred concerning this unprecedented turn in affairs,

but no one was brave enough to question Rosana, and the mystery baffled conjecture.

When Margaret suggested that Bob wished to have the wedding early in September, no objections were made, and the preparations for the event went briskly forward.

They were married at six o'clock in the evening, and the old house was filled with guests. All the friends and neighbors were there, and among them the Major, who felt himself strangely unfamiliar and out of place amid the bustle and gayety of the scene.

While they were removing the remains of the banquet which followed hard upon the ceremony, he lighted his pipe and stole quietly out on the porch at the rear of the house.

Rosana was still at work in the kitchen. She paused for a moment to listen to the sounds of dancing in the rooms beyond. The resonant strains of the violin and the tumultuous throb of flying feet drifted out upon the night. She remembered the last time she and the Major had danced together; it was with some pride that she recollected they had been pronounced the "finest couple on the floor." Did he remember it, too? Of what was he thinking as he sat out there, forgotten and alone, with only his pipe for company? As she passed and repassed on some household errand, she cast furtive, pitying glances toward the forlorn, silent figure crouching in the darkness. Once she paused irresolutely. Then she came nearer, with a strained-up look on her face.

"Major."

"What, Rosy?"

"Robert's took Marg'et now—an' you might as well take me."

"Faith, Rosy, an' it's a bargain." The big awkward fellow was unnerved and trembling. He sprang up, still holding his pipe in his hand. A coal fell upon the floor unnoticed and glowed and flared and reddened in the darkness. He leaned

over her, not quite sure of the happiness that seemed within his grasp. "Are yo' willin' t' marry me, Rosy? Because yo' don't need t' live up in that house. We kin go somewhere's else."

"I'd ruther live there if it suits you. I've got over bein' mad about that," said Rosana, humbly.

A shout of laughter drowned the vibrations of the violin; a warm stream of light was projected from the door suddenly thrown open, and a bevy of young people halted midway and stared in amazement. But the Major was equal to the occasion. He kept fast hold of Rosana's hand and bravely faced that silent grinning crew.

"Rosana an' me's took the notion t' travel the rest of the road together," he quietly explained. They crowded eagerly around, jesting, questioning, congratulating.

"Yo' might git married t'-night. The preacher aint gone yit." It was Margaret who made the suggestion.

"Why, yes, we might. I guess there isn't anything to hinder," cried the Major, triumphantly. "What d'yo' say, Rosana?"

She caught her breath.

"Mercy sakes! I couldn't think of it. I hev'n't a thing ready."

"Yo' don't need t' git anything ready," he pleaded. "Yo' kin git things jist as well afterward. Let us be happy while we kin, Rosy. We've waited a good spell."

Rosana hesitated for a moment, a vivid flush on her sharp middle-aged face, and then won by the Major's tender entreaty, and the hope and yearning suddenly astir in her own heart, she gave her consent, adding in extenuation of the precipitancy of her decision, "There's a sight t' be done about that house afore the frost comes."

A. M. JACKSON.

OPPOSITION. There is one form of evil which, while peculiarly annoying and aggravating at the time, may always be made the source of increased power and benefit. It is the opposition and antagonism which men personally receive. Usually they suffer the sting which this brings with it to rankle in their breasts and to foster an increased antagonism on their part. Yet, could they view it in another and a truer light, they should rather welcome it as a means of advancement. Under all such contradiction there is a measure of truth, often a large measure, the discovery of which would be most advantageous. Emerson puts this well when he says, "The wise man throws himself on the side of his assailants." It is more his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes and falls off from him like a dead skin, and, when they would triumph, lo, he has passed on invulnerable! Blame is safer than praise.

ECONOMY. It is almost every man's privilege, and it becomes his duty, to live within his means—not up to, but within them. Wealth does not make the man, and should never be taken into account in our judgment of men; but competence should always be secured when it can by the practice of economy and self-denial to a fairly reasonable extent. It should be secured not so much for others as to secure for ourselves the consciousness of independence and the constant satisfaction which is received from its acquirement and possession.

No YOUNG person should consider it an advantage to get rid of parental supervision and care. There is no other institution like the family; there is no other love like the parental love; there is no other friendship like the friendship of father and of mother.

correct

A RULER OF DESTINY.*

CHAPTER XII.

"HE is alive," said Mrs. Heath, rising to her feet. "Please quiet Jim, before his cries call a crowd here. And then go seek Mr. Archibald and bring him hither."

Jim was speedily silenced with the assurance that he had not committed murder, and that his help would presently be needed in removing the injured man.

"You can only remedy the mischief you have done by keeping still," I insisted. "Don't let any one coming this way know what is the trouble. The party must not be broken up by your little tragedy."

"Yes, ma'am," meekly murmured Jim, while I hastened in pursuit of Archibald, thinking how strange and yet not unnatural, that Margaret should depend on him first of all in her emergencies.

I found him just surrendering Esther to John Russell, who had apparently stood in absorbed study and unconscious of my absence in the interval between my stolen flight and return to the noisy scene of festivity, where no one seemed to have an inkling of the little by-play going on in the rear of the great house.

"Excuse me," I said, touching Archibald's arm, "but I have to take you away from this charming company."

"Is it time for the festival of cake?" questioned Esther, as Archibald, bowing low, drew my hand within his arm. "Can I be of any assistance in the rear?"

"No, please stay here," I said, peremptorily, hurrying Archibald away without ceremony.

"What is the matter, Miss Tyrrell?" he asked, solicitously. "You are pale and

trembling—I have not seen you so unnerved since—"

"A man murdered!" I interrupted, savagely, feeling a kind of relief in the liberty to throw off restraint. "Did you not hear the shot?"

"I think I did. But the fact is, one of the dancing knights of the field gave me such a tremendous kick on the shin at that instant that I lost sense of less momentous affairs, and thought only of my chance of getting off the platform with my life," Archibald laughed, evidently not crediting my statement. "Who fired the shot, and for what purpose?"

I did not attempt to explain, for we had nearly reached the dimly-lighted angle of the house where I had left Margaret standing by the fallen victim of Jim's idiotic watch and pursuit. The kingly figure had now partially risen and lay, like a dying gladiator, supporting himself by one hand.

"Great Heaven!" Archibald exclaimed, as he came up, suddenly staggering with surprise and horror. "Is it possible—"

The regal head and the free hand of the reclining man made a gesture of silence that hushed Archibald's ejaculation and inquiry.

"I—I do not think I am badly wounded," he said, rather faintly. "The intense pain rendered me insensible for a little, but I—I will rise—with your assistance."

Archibald, who was bending over the stranger with anguished interest, turned with a look of inquiry to Margaret, who had fallen back in the shadow of the wall with hands clasped upon her breast, which was heaving with swift-drawn

* Copyright, 1888, by T. S. ARTHUR & SON.

breaths and the agitated beating of her heart.

"By the side-door to the library," she answered to the look of inquiry.

"Excuse me," said the princely gentleman, with a bow toward the door beside which he had fallen, "I will enter here, if you please. The key is in the lock."

Margaret went up the steps and slowly opened the door to the mysterious room, while Archibald and I, gently assisting and supporting the imperious stranger, moved even more slowly in the same direction, followed by Jim, who crouched and crept behind us like a punished and penitent dog.

The apartment which Margaret had softly illuminated struck me at the entrance, not as the gloomy charnel which I had shudderingly imagined it, but as a beautiful ante-room to some interior and charming realm of wonder-land. Soft Oriental hangings everywhere suggested a mysterious Beyond not to be revealed to eyes profane, and exquisite works of art on every side seemed in a divine silence to be holding watch and guard over the secret of the place.

We led the master—for such he appeared—to a wide divan, on which he sank with a gentle murmur of thanks.

"It is not much," he said, with kindly effort to relieve our anxiety. "A shot in the shoulder—I think it did not touch the lungs."

Jim, who had lost all fear under the awful burden of his self-reproach, here sprang over the threshold where he had lingered, and threw himself down at the stranger's feet, groveling abjectly in the thick rug that muffled all sound, and wringing his hands in a fresh spasm of distress.

"Oh! great sir! I never meant to done it! Oh! Oh! I most wish I was dead!" he wailed in the dust of penitence.

The "great sir," who had impressed even Jim's untutored sense with his princely presence, smiled faintly, and

reached out a hand to stroke kindly the boy's bared head now plunged despairingly between his own clinched fists.

"It is all right, my young friend," said he, gently. "You could not help doing as you did. Grieve no more about it, but keep silence."

The faintness of pain seemed again to overcome the wounded man, and he fell back with a smothered groan upon the cushions which Margaret, more pallid than himself, had been silently arranging for his support.

"We must have a physician at once," I said, turning to Archibald, who was standing about in a kind of helpless maze of doubt and trepidation.

"No—no," spoke our commander, with calm decision; "thank you, my dear young lady, but I think there will be no need of medical skill beyond my own experienced direction. Please leave me with this young gentleman and we will attend to the slight injury. Have no anxiety, I pray."

I put my arm about Margaret and drew her away. "Stay outside the door, Jim," I said, as we passed the still crestfallen youth, "and bring us any orders Mr. Archibald may send."

The reclining master of the situation smiled, waved his free hand, and bent his lordly head as Archibald held the door and bowed us out, with a strange look of doubt and pleading in his eyes.

Margaret, by an evidently strong effort, was holding herself in outward composure, but I felt her trembling from head to foot as we walked around to the main entrance.

"Go at once to your room," I urged, the wild, rude revelry of the merry-makers on the lawn breaking upon our ears like sounds from another world, so vivid was the contrast to the atmosphere we had just left.

"Ah—would they were all away—far away," the mistress of Sunny Slope said, with a fling of her quivering hand toward the noisy groups that betrayed the nervous

tension under which she was striving to appear calm and undisturbed.

"We will find a way to pleasantly disperse—" I began.

"Ah! no, no—let them enjoy the occasion to the fullest extent," she interposed, "and let me not be selfish enough to wish—anything," she added, helplessly. "But I must—think."

"Go in, dear heart," I insisted, kissing the tremulous hands as I left her at her own door.

The wild hilarity on the lawn was changed to a slightly milder form by the immediate serving of refreshments, which were enjoyed with a gusto highly complimentary to the cook and confectioner. I was glad to remark that marriage had not affected Leander's appetite, and that he was gaining courage to venture now and then a little joke that elicited a responsive giggle from Lorinda. But, while I was looking conscientiously after the comfort and entertainment of each guest, I managed to circulate the intelligence that the mistress of the house was indisposed, and had retired to her room, that Mr. Archibald had been suddenly called away by a friend, and Esther Day, inferring from my looks that I was weary, proposed an early breaking up of the lawn-party, and set the example by making her adieus at once. In the end the exodus was rather hastened by a curious youth, who, strolling away in the rather dim-lighted direction of the haunted quarter, rushed back with the whispered report of "a light in that there ghost-room ag'in," and as none of the timorous young people cared to verify the fact, except at a remote distance, there was a speedy thinning out of the crowd.

At midnight I found myself quite alone upon the veranda, looking over the lawn, no longer under the glare of artificial light, but softly illuminated by the silver of the late risen moon. I had failed to find Margaret anywhere in the rooms we

usually occupied, and conjecturing that she had returned to what seemed to me a sort of realm of enchantment, I continued to pace the floor of the long colonnade, not presuming to intrude where I felt there was a secret which I did not share. All the house had grown quiet, and I was thinking of seeking my own room, when a shadow crossed the moonlight at the eastern limit of my long promenade, and Archibald sprang up the steps, and met me at the door where I had paused in my nervous walk.

"Come in," he said, seizing my hands in a warm grasp, and drawing me into the parlor. "I want to make sure you are not a wraith of the moonlight as you look. There, in this roseate glow I see you are a creature of flesh and blood. I have not been quite sure of my own human identity for the past few hours."

"And what do you think of me?" I questioned, swiftly. "Have I not been snared in a web of mystery that leaves me in doubt whether we are entertaining angels or simply a prince of the realm?"

"I have been thinking of you all the time, and wishing to share the strange revelation with you," said Archibald, seating me under the light, and taking the chair opposite mine. "Have you guessed nothing of the truth?"

"How do I know? I have guessed that the dead live again," I returned, bending forward with eager inquiry.

"Is that all?" Archibald asked, with smiles playing like heat-lightning over his face.

"All? Good Heaven! is not that enough for the long-suffering Margaret, who could not reasonably have expected more?" I said, but with growing belief in the limitless law of possibilities.

Archibald looked at me as if he would have compelled understanding of his secret without speech.

"You knew, did you not? that Margaret had a son?" he questioned, the heat-lightning smiles playing into the

fixed radiance of the rising day in his face.

"Ah, yes," I gasped with quick divination. "The strange manuscript suggested for the first time to her thought the possibility that she had been deprived of her child, not by death, as she had supposed, but by the bold ruler of her destiny, who had taken upon himself the issues of life—aye, and of death, playing at fast and loose with both. But tell me—is he—is the son alive?"

Archibald leaned forward, fairly dazzling my eyes with the shining, luminous nearness of his.

"He is happy to assure you that—he is very much alive," he said with a significance that suddenly revealed to me a truth, all the more startling because I had never had the most remote suspicion of such relationship.

I sprang to my feet, facing speechlessly my midnight visitor, who had also risen, compelling me with smiling eyes to direct my astonished gaze upward.

"Let us shake hands upon it," he said, at last. "You must have grasped the fact by this time, and—you will like me a little for Margaret's sake, will you not?"

"Wait a while," I begged, with a movement of resistance. "I cannot adjust myself all at once to such marvelous transformations. Is there not some hocus-pocus about it all? Am I not under the spell of a magician who has witched all our senses, and mixed up our personalities in an altogether confounding way?"

"Do I look like the man i' the moon? or like the juggler who swallowed a sword?" queried Archibald, with an infectious laugh.

"Now Margaret and I did not require an instant to recognize and accept our relationship. In a vague way we seemed to have divined it before the revelation came to us to-night, and the knowledge so late imparted was but an explanation of the strange attraction that had drawn us to each other from the first."

The memory of my unworded and mentally repressed speculations regarding this very evident attraction rushed over me, bringing to my face the testimony of a burning blush.

"I am sure I must have appeared most reverently and devotedly in love with the beautiful lady," Archibald went on. "And, indeed, I am more deeply in love with my mother than I shall ever be with another woman—excepting one."

"But how did this revelation of relationship happen to come about, at last, in this sudden, magical way?" I asked blindly, feeling for a guiding thread out of the maze in which I was caught.

"I think the time must have been ripe for it," Archibald said, seating me again in the chair from which I had risen in my surprise. "I think my father must have returned to his native country for this very end, though, as I believe, altogether unconscious of the development in wait for us, for I have the impression that he did not believe my mother faithful to his memory—though I simply conjecture this, not having his confidence in the deepest experiences of his nature. I only know that less than a year ago he surrendered to a passionate longing to see again the land of his birth—a longing which I so far shared that he made my desire rather a pretext for the journey, though he perhaps would have suffered a keener disappointment than I had we failed to make our affairs subservient to the plan. Since our arrival in New York nine months ago we have been winging from place to place, not always together, but meeting now and then at specified points, as here about the last of May. My father had written me that he was spending the time at a place dear to him from youthful associations and which he thought would be interesting to me for reasons which he would some time communicate to me. Meanwhile he would like me come on and make sketches of an old family property and of various points of romantic scenery

which he wished to preserve, and which he fancied I might value at a later day. I came at once, finding him boarding in the little village where it did not appear to me I could compel myself to remain two days, yet behold! I have not been able to tear myself away. Sunny Slope was presented to me, first of all, as a subject for my brush, and I must confess I found a subtle charm in the study that seemed out of proportion to the simple fact that the place once belonged to my grandfather, but had passed out of his hands before my day, and was now the property of some city resident who seldom visited it. My father was not at all familiar with the country people. No one seemed to have the remotest recollection of him, and he begged me not to betray to any curious observer of my work that he or I had other than a picturesque interest therein. I thought him irrationally fond of the old house. I knew he was in the nightly habit of visiting it, and I believe that he had a secret way of entering it, so the ghostly rumors that reached me straightway after my arrival here did not move me to a very close investigation of the mystery. I once laughingly jested his august highness on the spectral part I suspected him of playing, and he assured me that he enjoyed certain supernatural privileges which wronged no one, and which protected him in undisturbed freedom to continue if not to finish a work of discovery begun before he became acquainted with me."

"But I think this work must have been interrupted by our arrival," I said, "for since that time no alarm has been raised by any one but Jim, who had certainly become a monomaniac on the subject of ghosts."

"Poor youth, this last shot will perhaps end his 'spook' hunts," Archibald remarked. "Yes, your coming must, I think, have hastened my father's departure. At all events, he had a sudden business call which took him to New York the next morning, and his return to-night was most unexpected to me. The

shock of finding him lying wounded, together with the gesture of silence and the air of mystery with which he stayed my recognition of him, rather unsettled my equanimity for a space and reduced me to a state of idiocy, as you perceived—"

"And all this time I have not inquired after the welfare of the gentleman in whom I am so intensely interested," I interrupted, "though he really has not been a moment out of my thought."

"I thank you for him," Archibald said. "Under the circumstances he is, I think, scarcely conscious that he has suffered an injury, which, indeed, is not a very serious one. My slight surgical experience has enabled me to render such assistance as is for the present necessary, and for the rest we must trust to the Doctor the management of his own case. His professional skill is reckoned somewhat magical; and he bears rather a charmed life, it has seemed to me, when I have seen him walking fearless and unharmed amidst perils and pestilences from which others shrank, falling victims, too often, to the dangers they were striving to escape. My father is a good man—Miss Tyrrell—a glorious man."

My heart rose with a responsive swell of admiration, and I reached out my hand with impulsive congratulation.

"He is simply magnificent," I said, almost involuntarily, for I am not given to the extravagant use of adjectives. "I am divided between wonder as to how Margaret could have imagined herself in love with any other man, and how Dr. Heath, loving her as he manifestly did could have taken such heroic measures to separate himself from her, and maintained this separation through long years in which he seems not to have been aware of her absolute faithfulness."

"In all this you appear to possess a clue which I do not," said Archibald, meeting my questioning look with one of surprise. "Recollect, I have not shared

my father's confidence in these deepest heart secrets, and have yet to learn both the cause and manner of separation, which I must consider the great mistake of his life."

"Ah! I forgot that you are not acquainted with the strange MS. which Margaret found in the Doctor's sanctum, and which was doubtless a part of his unfinished work, since it was really but a fragment," I returned.

"I know nothing of any MS. but that which Margaret lost from her pocket on the day of the hay-field picnic, and which must have been a mild conductor of the electric current that laid me out for a time. I am in doubt whether that little package nearly cost my life or wholly saved it. Of its contents I, of course, know nothing, though I recollect remarking with some wonder as I was wrapping the manuscript to return by messenger to Mrs. Heath that it was written on paper—of which I saw only the blank side—of a peculiar foreign brand always used by my father, and which I had heretofore regarded as a distinguishing mark of him. You see, I am more deeply tangled in this web of mystery than you, after all, knowing only the heavenly truth that Margaret is my mother, which graciously accepted truth I came speedily to communicate to you, leaving these two long separated souls to the solitary discussion and settlement of misunderstandings that appear to have been woven in my destiny. No matter. Let us talk about ourselves. I don't think I precisely know my own name as yet—but Sydney—beg pardon—may I not call you Sydney?"

Before I had grace to answer there was a light step in the gallery communicating beyond the great secretary with the room no longer darkly mysterious, but haunting my fancy with suggestions and visions of a beauty but half revealed.

Expectantly we both rose and turned to meet Margaret as she appeared upon the threshold, her lovely face transfigured

with a happiness that made her seem almost a visitant from a heavenly world.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. ARCHIBALD, stepping forward, dropped upon one knee, and with a knightly air reverently touched his lips to the extended hand of the lady.

I stood still, feeling strangely rooted to the spot where I had risen, gazing spell-bound at the face of my friend, who seemed suddenly to have grown old, and yet more beautiful. I was like one just aroused from a dream, and unable to adjust myself to waking relations. The events and the *denouement* of the evening appeared to me so unreal that I could not be certain that they were not the illusions of the strange fever that I felt wildly coursing through my veins.

A moment Margaret—I could not yet think of any other name for her—stood meeting my look with her sweet, winning smile, then she came up to me, laying her hand softly on my shoulder and bending her radiant face close to mine.

"Have you no congratulation for me, Sydney, dearest?" she questioned.

All at once the flood-gates of my repressed emotion gave way, and I threw my arms about the neck of my friend with a closeness of pressure that must have assured her of my sympathy, though I had no speech but rising sobs which were smothered upon her bosom.

Ashamed of my involuntary display of a feeling that had not the appearance of joy, I made haste to escape the arms that encircled me, and with a swift nod of parting to both Margaret and Archibald I fled to my room, leaving mother and son to the blissful re-union in which I had no part.

No part? Had I not the part of a loving sympathizer in this marvelous and unexpected development of close and tender relationships between my friends? And yet, while my heart thrilled with delight in their new-found happiness, I was

conscious of a singularly desolate sense of loneliness in the dark shadow of which I hovered while rejoicing in the extraordinary contrast of glory that had burst upon Margaret. In my kinless condition she, equally without family ties, had sought me out and entered into my life, bringing me into hers with a fullness of love and a gradual deepening of confidence that had made us seem, in the absence of nearer relations, all the world to each other. And now—while I would not admit it in a clearly defined thought—I felt myself thrust to the outermost circle of Margaret's love, and vaguely recognized my future place as a far-off satellite with movement unnoticed in the surpassing glory of interior worlds with which I had no association. Of course, I made a valiant effort to frown down such selfish though unconfessed feeling, yet I recollect falling asleep with a little sob of loneliness.

The early morning found me waking with troubled doubts as to whether the events which I immediately recalled were realities or simply the dreams of a night. Satisfied, at last, that certain strange circumstances or consequences had actually transpired, I perplexed myself with a vain effort to adjust them properly to the view of the public. I was like a romancer, who, having wrought his scheme up to the highest point of unreality, and plunged his characters in a vortex that suddenly congeals and stands still in its whirling operations, begins to cast about for a way to extricate his hapless victims from their dilemma, and establish them in popular judgment as rational and consistent human beings.

Artistically, it appeared to me that Dr. Heath ought to have been extinguished by that shot from Jim's gun, and so escaped the disagreeable process of resurrection which was going to be an exceedingly delicate operation, in view of that weather-beaten headstone, bearing his name, in the family cemetery on the hill. However

lofty and heroic had been the Doctor's motive in casting off his life association with one whom he wished to make absolutely free, as by the hand of fate, it was certainly going to be a little awkward for him to come back and explain to the public at large his reasons for such an extraordinary action. Clearly this was a development that he did not forecast when he vanished from the stage of existence as Dr. Heath, and I settled it in my own mind that he should retain the character he had assumed, and woo and wed Margaret as Dr. Archibald simply, leaving the former relationship unacknowledged before the world.

Yet I was perfectly conscious through all my perplexed plotting that the magnificent master whom I had briefly met the preceding evening, was competent to arrange and carry out his own programme, even in a situation where he had been so evidently and unexpectedly surprised. Recalling the sovereign way in which he had ruled us all, and quelled the alarm of his little accident on that occasion, I came to the conclusion that I should have to let him manage his later affairs after his own superb fashion, satisfied that I could not devise any method of telling his story to the world that would not appear inconsistent if unqualified by a knowledge of the man, whose princely presence had impressed me with his right and power to be a law unto himself.

I had just completed my somewhat absent-minded process of dressing when I heard Jim's well-known "A-hem-m" beneath my window—a familiar signal that he had either a communication to make or a desire to perform some service.

I stepped out on the little balcony, and found the pale-haired youth gazing up with a strained, anxious look of inquiry in his colorless eyes.

"O Miss Tyril!" he gasped, "I want to know how that great man is this

mornin', an' I didn't dast ask in the kitchen, don't y' know—cause—cause—"

"The kitchen has not heard of his arrival," I explained, readily grasping Jim's reason for this private inquiry. "I have not, myself, received any intelligence from the gentleman this morning, Jim, but I am confident that he is all right. Did you think you could very seriously hurt an immortal, my boy?"

"O gracious! I wuz most 's much 'fraid of um 's though he'd a been the ghost hisself," breathed Jim, with expanding eyes and a little shiver in his half whisper.

"Sa—say—Miss—Ty—ril," he called mysteriously, as I turned away, "d'ye know—that there grave-stone that I hit t'other night when I fired—it haint there up on the cemetery this mornin'."

"Are you sure?" I questioned, with swift perception of Dr. Heath's imperious purpose to correct the illusion that had been thrust upon our sense.

"There haint no mistake," said Jim, very positively. "I alwis turns out my eyes t' that stun, when I'm goin' up th' lane arter the caows airy in the mornin', an' this mornin' 'twa'n't there! It skairt me, an' I tuk t' my heels like all possessed! Them caows thought th' Ole Harry was arter 'em down that there lane."

"Oh! you were just getting your eyes open, Jim," I said, laughing at the delusions of the race which sets up memorial stones at the supposed resting-places of its dead, who are meanwhile enjoying the range of the universe in blissful freedom from the material life which we seek to perpetuate by mausoleum and sepulchral honors that give the lie to our faith no less than to our knowledge of natural law.

"*Hic jacet*," says the lying inscription, while the man himself is moving on, and the crumbling house which he briefly occupied has entered into combination with earth and air, and is anywhere but

in the spot to which we set up our bleak monumental notice of memory.

"I wish," I said to myself, as I threw my windows wide to the morning sun, "I wish I could send the whole ghastly procession of tombstones marching off the face of the earth, which they cumber and sadden with records of the dead who are not dead, and whose entrance into fuller life nature more kindly and beautifully marks in waving grass and flowering weed."

How much farther my thought might have wandered in protest against established customs that help to materialize and make death grim and terrible, I do not know, but at this instant the lively voice of Lorinda broke upon my ear with suggestions quite changing the current of my reflections, and I ran down-stairs to wish the bride and bridegroom happy good morning.

Lorinda was carrying things in the domestic realm with a rather high mistressly hand, consonant with her ideas of her newly-acquired dignity, which, even so early, she was impressing upon the single mind of the cook, Sarah, with a freedom and superiority of manner evidently strongly offensive to that maiden's outraged sense. As for Leander, who did not appear to have adjusted himself so readily to his changed relations in life, he was managing to keep modestly in the background by busying himself with the removal of the *débris* of the wedding feast and all its attending disorder upon the lawn, and he gave no opportunity for morning salutation beyond a distant nod.

"Do you know?" whispered Lorinda, with a nudge at my elbow, as I caught a glimpse of Margaret disappearing with a silver salver, bearing dainty appeals to a fastidious appetite, "do ye know, Mis' Heath had a visitor come las' night some-time, an', of all things in the world, don't ye think, she went an' put him in that there spook room! D'ye ever hear o' such queer taste? Hope the feller, who

ever 'tis, didn't get scart t' death. Mis' Heath haint ordered no plate laid for him, but just picked round an' made up a breakfas' for him herself, jist as 'f he was too good to eat 'long with other folks. But mebbe he didn't rest well," and Lorinda tittered, with a sagacious shake of her tumbled forelocks, which she appeared to have omitted putting in the curling papers that usually stood above her forehead in the morning like a crown of spikes.

I met Margaret at the breakfast table, where she appeared alone, but with a face fairly radiant with the newly-risen splendor of love's late sun.

"I have no need to ask if all is well, I am sure," I said softly, with a greeting that atoned for my failing congratulation on the preceding night. "The king is unharmed by his accident."

Margaret flushed at my involuntary appellation, which she evidently recognized as just.

"The wound does not trouble him," she said. "He will soon recover from it."

I stood hesitating, and still pressing the dear hands I had taken in mine, reckless that just outside the door, and possibly peering through the crevice, Lorinda was waiting our order for breakfast.

"I want to ask your forgiveness for my strange exhibition of grief last night, if grief it was. I hardly know. My emotion with resulting tears seemed quite irrepressible. I think there was a sediment of selfishness at the bottom. For, while there has been nothing that I so much desired and believed in as the seeming miracle of the Doctor's restoration, the fact, when it suddenly became manifest to me, appeared to sweep you beyond my horizon and leave me in a wide desert alone."

"My dear child," murmured Margaret, with endearing tenderness, "I understand perfectly the feeling that you have—"

"That I had," I corrected swiftly.

"The dark shadow of myself has passed quite away, and I feel nothing but rejoicing in your happiness. I have the strangest wonder as to how that wave of loneliness could have gone over me with such overwhelming force. I cannot comprehend it this morning."

"And all the while," said Margaret, with her beaming smile, "I have been thinking of you and longing to share with you the deepest and most unexpected felicity of my life—I can hardly believe it mine without your assurance of reality."

"Don't you have any regrets or reproaches that the felicity was so long and needlessly delayed?" I questioned, with covert reflection on the man who had a little too boldly, as it seemed, taken upon himself the dealings of Providence.

"I do not in my sense of present blessing remember the past," returned my friend, with the look of one who sees all good concentrated in the shining Now. "I am inclined to think that I was not ready for any earlier revelation of the truth which I have been slowly approaching through all these years. At all events, whatever I have missed, I am satisfied with my present and eternal possessions, Sydney, dearest."

She led me to my place at the table and seated herself in her own, touching the bell for attendance.

"Just to think," I said, when we were served and again alone; "just to think that on the other side of the table we are soon to have the king and—and—"

"The prince?" suggested Margaret, with a heavenly flush as her thought recurred to her son. "It is too incredibly sweet to be believed," she added, setting down the cup she had made a feint of tasting, and leaning back in her chair. She had no use for earthly food that morning.

"Ah!" I remarked, as if the thought had just occurred to me, "Mr. Arch—your son I should say—" And here I broke down and leaned back also, with a

half-startled, half-ludicrous sense of the relationship I had named.

Margaret bent forward, her youthful face flushing beautifully.

"Say Ralph, Sydney, dearest, if the name suits you," she suggested, smiling at my confusion. "The relation seems too strange for you to acknowledge all at once, does it not? Now to me it is the most natural thing in the world. I think I had an unconsciously instinctive sense of the bond from the first moment of our meeting, though I could not explain it, and it troubled me, as I knew it troubled you."

I would not acknowledge it, though I felt a mounting wave of color burning in my face.

"But what was it you were about to ask when that overpowering sense of the new relationship stayed your speech?" questioned Margaret.

"If—if—your son—Ralph is absent this morning," I said, laughing at my blundering inquiry.

"Yes," Mrs. Heath answered; "he went away some hours ago to attend to certain forms of business that will have to be observed in the establishment of our family relations, I suppose. It is the penalty that has to be paid for the Doctor's heroic assumption of rights which no law, human or divine, accords to him. It is going to be a disagreeable process for him and for all of us, but—good Heaven!"—and Margaret clasped her hands, with an upward look of rapture—"in the grand result of our happiness these trifles of annoying publicity really count nothing."

Later in the day Margaret came to me with a request from the Doctor for a short interview.

I entered the room, this time by the door from which the great secretary had been pushed entirely aside. The place which had seemed to possess a mysterious enchantment the night before was even more beautiful by daylight, which, in a

measure, revealed the secret of its charm in its exquisite harmony of coloring, form, and arrangement. It was more like the studio of an artist than the laboratory of a scientist, though I was still haunted by incommunicable secrets behind the folding screens and heavy hangings whose beauty had from the first attracted my eyes.

But, when I approached the master himself, I at once lost sense of his environment, and was conscious only of a regal presence diffusing an atmosphere of calmness and strength in which I seemed to come into practical possession of the qualities which ordinarily were only ideally mine.

"I wished to apologize to you," he said, rising against my protest, "for the startling manner in which I introduced myself to you last night, thereby destroying the little enjoyment you might have anticipated in your rural festival."

"Indeed," I declared, withdrawing my hand from a clasp which I still felt thrilling me with a sense of power, "the crude enjoyment that you interrupted was like the flash of a fire-fly lost in the full sun of happiness that you brought."

He smiled. "And then I have to thank you," he continued, "for the great comfort you have been to Margaret, and for the faith which she tells me you have held in me since you have shared her confidence. There was need that some one, as a preparation, should inspire a faith in my return from an absence for which I now make no apology. My future shall translate and fulfill the purpose of my past."

There seemed in the words a suggestion of ends which I could not comprehend, but I smiled at the bare mention of any apology for or from Dr. Heath, who impressed me as one not accountable to any human being.

My thought escaped embarrassing acceptance of the gratitude expressed, as my wandering eyes fell upon the old violin

lying on a table near the Doctor's *escritoire*.

"I have thanks to return, also, for a heavenly strain of melody that was wafted to our ears on the night of our arrival at Sunny Slope. May I not tender my acknowledgments to you?" I questioned, with a nod toward the instrument.

"Ah!" said the Doctor, "how much I regretted that little indulgence when I found that I had unsuspected auditors! With a longing for my own quarters, I had come over from my village lodgings at a rather late hour, approaching the house, as was my habit, by the path leading to my familiar door, which opens alone to the peculiar key that had been among the few possessions conveyed to me by my humble and only confidant in the business that transpired before I went away. After passing an hour or so at my writing-table, I took up the dear old violin that had sweetly bided my long absence, as I had tested by previous touches, and half unconsciously struck upon an aerial strain that I had loved, and which seemed to carry me back to the feeling of my youth. Then I remembered and desired a book that I had read, and left in the parlor on the preceding visit I had made at the house, and finding my way through the passage to the front rooms, was confounded to see fires smoldering upon the so long unused hearths, and to mark other and various signs of an occupancy of which I had heard nothing. Of course, I made haste to withdraw before the descending feet that I heard upon the stairs should overtake me, and I lost no time in making my escape from the house where I divined my presence, in the mysterious character of a nightly visitant, would be anything but agreeable."

"And did you leave behind you the manuscript on which you had been engaged?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Yes! it was forgotten, but I find it has, in part, fulfilled the purpose for

which I should later have designed it," Dr. Heath replied.

"Allow me to express my regret that you did not come back and finish it. It was like a romance with the most interesting chapters torn off," I complained.

"I brought the conclusion or, more correctly, the continuation of the story last night," the Doctor said, "trusting that it might pave the way to a later re-installment of my relations with Margaret, who, I have the happiness of learning, has been true to me through all. Our young friend Jim rather precipitated the event I expected to reach by a much slower process, and the introductory narrative has failed of its use unless you shall do me the honor to read it."

Margaret, returning to the room at this moment, attracted from me the dark magnificent eyes whose hidden meanings had haunted my imagination during my somewhat feverish work on the ideal portrait, which appeared to have been a surprising success. In the exchange of looks between this strangely separated and reunited pair I felt myself suddenly a lone point of light revolving solitarily at the outermost boundaries of the universe of love.

I rose to retire. What was I but a shadow on the sphere of these lately blended souls who had an infinity of thoughts to communicate to each other? Margaret put a restraining arm about me.

"Do not go, Sydney," she said, pleadingly.

"Pray, remain until we may call ourselves friends," urged the Doctor in that royal way of his that appeared to settle matters.

I sat down and listened for an hour to talk that swept me out to wider horizons than I had ever dreamed in my little circle of life, where I had recognized what are called impossibilities with a sort of sad resignation to the indefinite postponement of good which it is my privilege to take here and now.

When I again rose to go, I glanced inquiringly at the somewhat bulky manuscript lying on the table, and to which the Doctor in some portion of his conversation had referred as illustrative of a point in which I had expressed great interest.

"Take it, if you please," he said, interpreting my look; "shall she not, Margaret?"

"Yes; I recollect her disappointment at the abrupt ending of the part which I had not courage to read without her," said my friend, with a smile that caught but the reflection of the light that beamed over the Doctor on its way to me.

I spent the afternoon at my favorite spot—a tree-embowered rock on the wooded hill—where I sat for hours absorbed in a story which, like the talk I had left, continually enlarged my vision and quickened my perception of the meaning of things that I had either regarded as without significance or as hopelessly shrouded in mystery which my dull human sense could never penetrate.

But all this has nothing to do with the story I am telling. It covers a larger ground and precedes a history of events reaching over a period of time which I shall not venture to touch in this small record of a few weeks. Under it and beyond it lies the substance of a story which another may tell, and which in the deep current whereof I have given but the driftwood and froth.

As I came down from my retreat just before sunset, I saw Archibald approaching, holding in his hand some glittering trifle which, as we met, I recognized as the miniature from which I had evolved the portrait of Dr. Heath.

"When I went out at sunrise this morning," explained the gentleman, after a somewhat constrained greeting, "my eye was caught by this shining something in the grass beside the door where our little tragedy transpired, and not wishing to commit it to any hands but yours, I

slipped it in my pocket until I returned. I have been very conscious of it all day, but I assure you I have not opened it."

"No? And why not, pray?" I questioned, taking the locket from a hand that seemed burning to get rid of it. "You would have looked on the pictured face of a man that comes nearer to my ideal than any soul I have ever met."

"I supposed as much," he remarked, dryly.

"And have you no wish to see my ideal?" I asked, touching the spring of the jeweled case in my hand.

He flashed a curious, critical, half repellant glance at the picture I held before his eyes, while I watched with amusement the swift changing expressions with which the glance settled into a wondering gaze.

"Where have I seen it?" he pondered perplexedly. "It is like a face seen in a dream."

"Quite possibly that may have been when you first met it," I suggested, with a smile.

"Ah!" he gasped, with dawning recognition. "I begin to see the resemblance to a face associated with my early recollections, but—but—"

Archibald suddenly discovered our proximity to a rustic seat, and somewhat impetuously put me in its way.

"What I do not clearly understand is—"

He stopped and sat down beside me.

"Is—" I repeated.

"Is the deceiving tenderness with which you concealed the miniature at my approach on a certain memorable day," he concluded.

"We—cannot account for all our hidden impulses," I said, evasively. "Perhaps I did not wish to betray the Madam's secret."

"And you did not grant me a glimpse of the portrait, either then or since," he observed, reflectively.

"No—there seems a curious providence about that, does there not?" I questioned. "You would instantly have recognized the likeness, for, indeed, it is wonderfully true, considering that I had only the man's youth to make it of; yet had I guessed the relationship, and the bond of sympathy between you and my subject, I think I could have accounted for the sudden insight, revelation, or whatever you choose to call it, that came with your presence while I worked that day."

"Sydney—excuse me," interrupted Archibald, who appeared to be pursuing an independent train of thought, "but don't you think there is a great deal of encouragement for a fellow whose father is—your ideal?"

"Not necessarily," I began, coolly.

A caroling voice sounded beyond the shrubbery and I turned to see Miss Day approaching by her favorite path across the fields.

"Beg pardon!" she said, fetching up suddenly in her bounding walk with a feint of averting her eyes.

"For what?" I asked, as Archibald rose to make room for her on the rustic *tête-à-tête*.

"Interruption," she explained. "No, Mr. Archibald, I cannot stay. No, indeed, Miss Tyrrell. But I'm just brimming over with congratulations, and I ran around this way from the milking-yard to express them before they become like effervesced and tasteless soda-water. The most wonderful and delightful rumor is running like wild-fire in the air. It seems too good and beautiful to be true."

"As if anything could be too good to be true," I said. "As if the best we could desire is not the most possible!"

"Ah, permit me to congratulate you, then!" smiled the girl, extending a hand to Archibald and myself.

"For Mrs. Heath," I said, bowing acknowledgment of the congratulations for Margaret, as I supposed.

"For Mrs. Heath?" repeated Esther,

glancing from one to the other of her auditors with a quizzical look.

"Oh! certainly, you are all joint heirs in happiness, of course. I guessed as much from the beaming countenance of Mr. Arch— pardon me. I shall have to ask for your card, sir."

The gentleman laughing to cover a slight frown, drew from his note case the solicited favor, bearing the simple inscription Ralph Archibald, to which he added, in invisible writing, another name.

"Apply a legal touch to that blank space, Miss Day, and you will evolve a name which will serve for marriage certificates and other documentary evidence, but the Artist Archibald will still survive to his friends—"

"And to fame," supplemented the girl, with a mocking courtesy of reverence.

"What ridiculously marvelous things happen to you people! I declare, if it was all written out it would read like a—"

"Dime romance," groaned Archibald. "For Heaven's sake, don't let it get written out!"

"Now, nothing ever happens to me," sighed Esther. "I can be only the Heroine of the Mower, and the Maid of the Milking-yard."

"I was just thinking how enchanting you are in the latter character," I said, with an admiring study of the lithe figure clad in a simple dress of pale-blue denim, and her bright hair escaping from a cunningly fashioned "Tam o' Shanter" of the same material and color which was infinitely becoming.

"And it has just occurred to me since standing here," said Archibald, "that I have found the proper subject for my prize painting in the forthcoming exhibition. Would you mind serving as model for a milk-maid, Miss Day?"

"Not if you put father's finest grade Jerseys in the foreground, with a little private memoranda to stock connoisseurs, stating the fabulous prices for which they

may be bought 'away down in Pennsylvany,'" laughed Esther, putting her thumbs in her belt as her father would have put his in his vest pockets.

"Very good. I shall be on the field with canvas, paint-tubes, and brushes at the milking hour to-morrow afternoon," declared Archibald.

"And I will pose Daisy and Primrose and Daffodil on a sward of butter-cups against a background of butternuts and a creamy evening sky!" said Esther, with a blending of the technics of artist and dairy-maid.

"And yourself in that charming costume, standing with a brimming pail beside the bars, on which, of course, must be hanging the idyllic lover whom the poets never omit," suggested Archibald.

"But John Hugh has no time for such frivolities," returned Esther, with dignity. "He will be down in the woods at that hour declaiming his next incendiary speech, while his mother is milking the antiquated cows that have descended without selection in straight line from the pair that went into the ark. But, really, I am overstaying my five minutes' limit just for congratulation," she said, wheeling away. "And Primrose, meanwhile, is waiting to impart to this fresh gobelin blue evening dress (that you have been pleased to compliment) the delicate aroma of new milk."

And the girl, laughing back at the protests we threw after her, was off with the musical measure of a milking song as sweet as the carol of the robin over our heads.

"May I ask"—ventured Archibald, with an attempt to relieve me of the Doctor's manuscript as I turned toward the house—"what is this package you have been so religiously guarding since I met you?"

"The manuscript of the future," I said.

"Are you recorded in it?" he questioned, curiously.

"No, I am unwritten."

"Ah, you have not read my heart?" he replied, significantly tracing with his finger a name upon his breast.

"But hearts are sand from which the waves of time efface all writing," I said.

"Oh! yer comin', be ye?" cried Flander, suddenly tumbling breathless into our path. "Lorindy she says yer the queerest folks she ever seen. She can't make no catalations 'tall *when* yer comin' to supper! Come on."

[THE END.]

MATERIAL WEALTH. The increase of material wealth, it must be always remembered, is not the chief end of man; it is bought too dear if it costs—what is beyond measure more worthy of desire—the health, the mental or moral development, or the rational happiness of human beings. In fact, material wealth has no other commendable use or function but to sustain and foster human weal. If it does not serve this end—if, either in the process of its production or of its consumption, it works against human life, toward the narrowing or weakening or destroying of healthy, happy spiritual activity, toward the degrading, dehumanizing of men—it is then accurately "wealth" no longer, but rather what Ruskin appropriately calls "illth."

RESPECT IN MARRIED LIFE. Respect is essential in married life. Personal liking without respect lasts only its allotted time. That time may be different with different temperaments, but it has its end with all. Only esteem—sympathy of habits and nature—can keep it ever unrolling like an endless band, ever moving the great mechanism of emotional life. It is too much to expect from even the most loving, the most united, that there shall be no hitch anywhere—there must be hitches. But given mutual respect, and the difficulty is removed so soon as it appears.

"H. H."

"RAMONA" AND ITS AUTHOR.

AMONG the successful literary productions of the past and present generation, not the least able have been the workmanship of women. By a few years our English sisters led the van: Elizabeth Barrett Browning, George Eliot, Dinah Mulock Craik, a score of others. But even the severest critic can not gainsay our New World right to a literature of our own, and to an ever growing list of illustrious names: Harriet Beecher Stowe, Elizabeth Phelps Ward, Louisa M. Alcott, Frances Hodgson Burnett—English born, but American in heart—and Helen Hunt Jackson, the inimitable "H. H." the author of *Ramona*.

In the present limited sketch it is far from my purpose to attempt anything like a systematic study of this author or of her works. In so short an article we at once perceive the impossibility of rendering just decisions, either upon a novel or upon a nature so full, so deep, so original.

And what of *Ramona*? Of the book itself it is our privilege to speak but shortly here. In all probability, there is scarcely a literary home throughout the land where *Ramona* has not been cordially received; and after it has been read no foot-notes are necessary. To the casual reader, even, this book is full of interest; to one who peruses it in a contemplative frame of mind, it is more than a romance—it is the tragical embodiment of a national curse. Scarcely more than a quarter of a century ago, one woman, touched by the mighty needs of a down-trodden race, dipped her pen in the reddest of her heart's blood and wrote—the result we hold as one of our na-

tion's grandest possessions—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Again, in this later day, another woman, dipping her pen in the same deep fountain, has brought before us the wrongs of a less known race through the story of *Ramona*. Like Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Jackson was imbued with an earnest purpose for the righting of a human wrong; and, like *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Ramona* is what it never could have been but for its key-note of self-abnegation. No work of human genius, considered merely as such, and produced with a selfish purpose, could ever have touched the universal heart as these two works have done.

Another noticeable feature of this book is its combination of masculine strength with its feminine delicacy of touch. A masculine mind may, nay, often does, work magnificently under the influence of a purely intellectual impetus; but a truly feminine mind never. It is the life, the soul, the very pulse of a woman's being which animates her intellectual offspring. What Helen Jackson was, *Ramona* is—the living embodiment of an exceptionally strong and original nature. She has not veiled herself nor sought to do so; there was no occasion. The more deeply we penetrate the depths of her woman's nature in this book, the more we are impressed with the majesty of womanhood and with the saving effect of its truest thought upon the literature of the nations.

In *Ramona* we find none of that purposeless sensationalism—that willful disregard of all that is tenderest and best within the human heart which characterizes so many of our later and so-called successful novels of the day. This book

is as far removed from these as the God-given love portrayed upon its pages is removed from their idolatrous passion. As these books have already wrought their pernicious effects upon thousands of unformed minds, vitiating taste and lowering standards of excellence, so *Ramona* has gone forth upon its mission—a mission of helpfulness—sanctifying, ennobling, lifting human thought to a higher trend, both of accomplishment and of purpose, directing our human affections to the higher level they demand, creating about that noblest of human emotions—love—the halo of sacredness which is its right.

Ramona has the old-time touch of genius in it—a quality too generally ignored in these our later and degenerate days of literature. In these days when a book of maudlin passion, faulty in construction and purposeless, can call attention and hold it—can even gain notoriety, let us not say fame—in such a time the fund of realistic purity in a book like this one is without price. The work is not nominally a "religious" one. Better would it be for both reader and writer were we blessed with fewer books physically "religious" and with more spiritually so; could we be blessed with fewer books of emotion or of theory and with more like *Ramona*—broad, deep, written with a purpose, and full of the pathetic earnestness of realities; full, too, of that religion of brotherhood taught centuries ago by the Judean Virgin's Son, Jesus of Nazareth.

That a book, constructed upon so broad a basis, should be hailed as the long expected "American Novel" there can be little wonder. Full of life as well as of purpose, never flagging in interest, fine in workmanship, America may well take pride in the type. No masculine mind could ever have coped more satisfactorily with any point of national interest than has Helen Hunt Jackson with the "Indian Question," while at the same time all feminine delicacy and grace of execution has been preserved. In point of finish

and of feeling, *Ramona* is a book among the thousands.

And now it is left briefly to speak of the author and of her remaining works, works which occupy no small place in the valuable literature of the day. Helen Maria Fiske, was born October 18th, 1831, her birthplace being Amherst, Massachusetts. In the year 1852, she was married to Captain Edward B. Hunt, U. S. A., and in the thirteen years which followed, she passed through the deepest experiences of her life, both of joy and of sorrow. In 1854 she lost her first son, an infant; in 1863, her husband, then Major Hunt, lost his life by accident in an experiment, and in 1865, her dearly loved and last son, Warren, was taken from her. She felt her life was ended—ended at thirty-four. Ah! how inscrutable are the dealings of God with us, His children! Her life was only at its brave beginning. At the age of thirty-four H. H. turned her thought toward literature, and began that career which ended only with her death. Her first attempts were of a poetical nature, and were produced under the influence of her deep and chastening sorrow. With each new association of her life, however, a new growth seemed to be obtained; she soon tried her pen at prose, and in various directions—essay, criticism, sketch, and story. It would be hard to find, at least in modern literature, a more versatile mind or one better adapted to the needs of the times. Never was shown forth a rarer combination of qualities than in this woman. Of a singularly ardent and impulsive nature, she was one of the strictest and most reasonable of moralists. Possessed of a warmth and richness of imagination such as only characterizes the most poetic of natures, she was the very exponent of a systematic and vigorous purity of thought. Her religious poems are always found thoroughly and earnestly religious; they have the true ring in them, comforting, uplifting. Her poems of love display a

depth and warmth of feeling—a tenderness and wealth of expression, seldom found in any poet below the rank of Mrs. Browning. Her prose works, always surpassingly fine in execution, are earnest, helpful, overflowing with a rare and subtle genius. In short, the influence of Helen Hunt Jackson upon the literature of the day has been of inestimable value—the influence of so wonderful a personality is incapable of weight or measurement.

But two facts of this woman's experience remain now to be recorded. In 1875 she was married, for the second time, the fortunate gentleman being Mr. W. S. Jackson, of Colorado Springs. The second fact, is that of her last and painful illness, which ended her life upon the 12th of August, 1885.

Characteristic of her wonderful vitality and mental force, she directed her thought systematically until the last; writing poem after poem almost in the

very shadow of death. Perhaps no more appropriate ending for this article could be found—no truer exponent of this woman's personality—than the short poem, written four days before her passing away, entitled—

"A LAST PRAYER."

"Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see, now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun.

"So clear I see that things I thought
Were right or harmless were a sin,
So clear I see that I have sought,
Unconscious, selfish aims to win.

"So clear I see that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save,
That I have slothful been, inert,
Deaf to the calls Thy leaders gave.

"In outskirts of Thy kingdoms vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me;
Set me the lowliest task Thou hast,
Let me repentant work for Thee."

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

AT WHOSE DOOR?

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Friend Townsend's sister married the son of a man who had been known to be a rascal, the whole Townsend connection deplored it with him. Mary was not headstrong, they said, nor restless; she had come of generations of Friends, and that she should marry David Dudley's son was something of which they could not have thought her capable.

True, Henderson Dudley was not much like his father; so far as any one knew he was honest, and inasmuch as he was diligent in business, and unwilling to live upon his wife's fortune, he might be said to serve the Lord; furthermore, he had

never cared to look upon that bad side of life in which David Dudley had found his greatest delight. But he was one of the world's people, though he did not make the profession of religion common even among them, and—he was his father's son. This was enough to keep their commiserating sympathy with Oliver fresh in the minds of Mary's relations, even after she had apologized by dying, and though Henderson himself, living only three years afterward to cherish her little daughter, had meekly gone out of the world in which he had walked very silently and blamelessly, leaving the child as a peace-offering to his brother-in-law.

Little Rachel was not a Townsend,

Oliver's dovelike wife used to say; the spark in those fierce dark eyes, dimmed by sudden tears, or dancing in mirth, which "was not convenient," confused and perplexed Sarah. And it was inconceivable to her that a child who could so lightly disobey her could feel the love which Rachel sometimes protested. Nor could she reconcile a frankness which was often cruel with an insincerity that was almost untruthfulness, not realizing that the latter might spring from a desire to say a pleasant thing or a passionate longing for approval. Each day of Rachel's childhood had been full of contradictions. She would wound her aunt by disrespect, and then fling herself upon the ground to kiss a pebble Sarah's foot had touched; she would strike a servant, but cry until her great brown eyes were almost blind because she had found a dead bird in the garden.

Perhaps, had Sarah and Oliver had children of their own, they might have given less thought and prayer to little Rachel, and the child, unnoticed, and so unconscious of her own shortcomings, might have grown more gentle, and, coming at last to realize their love, been able to express her own in language they could understand.

"Sometimes, Oliver, I think she has not even natural feeling for us," Sarah Townsend said, as they sat together in their still parlor one September afternoon. The wide, shining top of the mahogany table was between them, but they were not occupied with books or writing. Friend Townsend was nervously pulling to pieces a blossom which had fallen from the bunch of white-winged sweet-peas in Sarah's bosom, and his wife's hands were folded placidly in her lap.

The shutters in the long French windows were bowed, for, at midday, it was still warm on the south side of the house, and three thin streaks of sunshine fell across the drab carpet, or touched the brass claws on the feet of the table. There

were no vain and unnecessary adornments in the room; two silhouettes in narrow gilt frames hung high above the black wooden mantelpiece, and on a rotund chest of drawers covered with a plain linen cloth, stood a jug, filled with early golden rod; there were shelves on either side of the fireplace, full of books in sober bindings, but there was no warmth of color in all the bare plain room and no disorder of home life.

Sarah Townsend's sweet face was still young in its serenity, though the hair beneath the delicate fold of her cap was as gray as her silvery gown. Oliver's dark eyes smiled as he looked at her.

"She must love thee," he said; "don't thee get discouraged about her, Sarah, or I don't know where the child will end."

"I cannot be discouraged," she answered, with grave simplicity, "for she is in the Lord's hands. Yet, if she would but trust us a little more; if she would believe that we desire only her own good! She would know that if she cared for us, Oliver."

"Does thee think," he said, after a moment's pause, lifting his dark thin face from his breast and wrinkling his forehead restlessly, "does thee think that we trust her quite enough? If we explained to her why we were unwilling that she should see a play, it would be less wearing to us than her perpetual questioning, and it might—it might be better for her, to have her judgment agree with ours."

"But is it not best that she should learn the habit of unquestioning obedience?" Sarah asked, gently. "She ought to believe that we know what is wise for her."

"No doubt thee's right," Oliver assented, quickly, throwing himself back in his chair with a sigh; "it is not best to give reasons to a child. But, Sarah, suppose, instead of forbidding it, we let her go? She would learn, as I did, how empty all such amusement is—what hunger of the soul it leaves! But to realize

that, I sometimes think one must see it for themselves."

"See it for herself!" Sarah said, clasping and reclasping her delicate hands, her even voice trembling a little; "why, Oliver, does thee realize what that means? Shall one touch pitch and not be defiled? Thee knows I do not mean to be narrow; many of the world's people do go to plays, and they are pious people according to their light, but we have more light. Shall we let the child do wrong that she may feel the power of sin, when we can restrain her? And, O Oliver! though thou didst learn to love peace through thy temptations, remember thou art man, and thou wast born a Friend, too; but think of her father and her grandfather! Remember her impulsive, ill-balanced nature; think what the effect might be."

"Yes, thee's right," Friend Townsend said, after a pause. "Thee's always right. But I can't see why she should want to go so much. It isn't as though she had ever gone, and knew the pleasure of it. Is it because young Roger Livingstone asked her? Does she like to be with him, Sarah?"

"I think it is because we do not wish it," Sarah answered, with a sigh, "and perhaps because she knows we do not approve of Roger Livingstone. It is nothing deeper."

CHAPTER II.

THE garden in front of Friend Townsend's great gray house had been touched by frost, though the days were languid with slumberous September heat; the more delicate plants stood with limp, pallid leaves and hanging heads, but salvias blazed inside the box borders and zinnias were in coarse and riotous bloom. There was a scent of decay and dampness in the still air, in spite of the flood of noon sunshine, and now and then a yellow leaf floated down, and through the thinning branches of the tulip-trees came the flash and ripple of the brown river.

Rachel Dudley stood leaning against the old sun-dial at the foot of the garden, her chin resting on her hand, and her straight, black brows gathered in a sullen frown.

No one could see her from the house, for the laburnum hedge hid that part of the garden, but any one passing the stone gateway might have caught a glimpse of her slender figure through the yellowing leaves of the osage-orange trees which bordered the dusty turnpike. And Roger Livingstone was watching for her as he made his horse walk past the line of Friend Townsend's estate, so he was quick to dismount and throw the bay's bridle over the stone ball on one of the ivy-covered gate-posts, and then hurry down the steps into the damp stillness of the garden.

Roger and Rachel had known each other for many years, but in spite of perpetual quarreling it had never occurred to Roger to fall in love with her—at least, until very lately, and then only because his father had looked at him one day with shrewd good-nature, and said: "Remember, boy, the pretty Quakeress has a fortune of her own."

That had made Roger think; but, after all, could a fortune give a man happiness, if the girl was first jealous and then indifferent, and always quick to take offense? Roger thought not; but he liked Rachel, and while he was making up his mind, he was involuntarily and unconsciously more friendly. A young man cannot, even as a remote possibility, contemplate marrying a girl, and avoid, in his most ordinary conversation with her, a betrayal of the attitude of his mind.

Roger found a new pleasure in meeting Rachel, but, feeling vaguely that Friend Townsend did not like him, he had fallen into the habit of seeing her oftener in the old garden than in her uncle's house. The happy interests of more worldly youth he might not offer her, only sympathy for what she chose to consider her loneliness. But he knew that that gave her

pleasure, and the half secrecy of their meeting had a charm in it to him which blended with the pleasing excitement of uncertainty. He was eager now to know if this plan of taking her to the theatre on Saturday afternoon could be carried out. "At least," he thought, "they won't say it is improper, as mother would. Thank Heaven, they don't look at things that way!"

"Well," he said, as he reached her side. She looked up a moment at his handsome, boyish face, as he stood striking impatiently at his riding-boots with a switch and waiting for her reply.

"It's no use. They won't let me go," she said, gloomily, not even lifting her chin from her slim, brown hand.

He turned sharply on his heel, his spur grinding down into the damp moss of the path. For an instant he was too much disappointed to speak.

"It's outrageous!" he cried; "it's cruel!"

"They don't care," Rachel said, briefly.

"I'd go, anyhow," Roger continued, with boyish anger; "why should you give up everything to please people who don't care anything about you, anyway?"

Rachel winced. "I know they don't," she said.

"Well, then, make up your mind to go," Roger ended; "it isn't as though they had any reason for saying you shouldn't. Of course, in any reasonable thing"—this was the magnanimous indulgence of youth—"I wouldn't advise you to—to disobey them. But this is folly, Rachel. Honestly, I believe I'd go."

"Of course, there isn't any reason," Rachel cried, passionately. "Why, if they'd give me a good reason I wouldn't say another word. It's only to disappoint me, and make me miserable. They think it makes people good to be disappointed, and they want to make me good; they think I'm so wicked. Oh! I am! I am! but if they would only let me be good in my own way! Or if they

thought anything good of me, I could be good. Or if they loved me the least little bit, I wouldn't mind giving up everything in the world for them. Everything! But they don't care whether I'm alive or dead!"

She laid her cheek down on the hot face of the dial and sobbed.

"Don't cry," Roger said, sympathetically; "what good does it do to cry? Why don't you just go, anyhow? I believe they'd respect you more if you had a will of your own. And it isn't as if they were your own father and mother, you know."

She shook her head. "Oh! I can't! Thee knows I can't! And it isn't that I want to go to the theatre so very much, Roger. If they had only said I shouldn't differently! It's the way they did it. As though I was wicked to want such a thing; a kind of despair about me; and yet, as if, after all, it was only to be expected of me. I might as well live up to it. I might as well be as bad as they think I am!"

Her quick transition from grief to anger dried her tears. Roger did not know what to say; his somewhat slow mind could not keep pace with her sudden changes, and her gusts of feeling wearied him.

He glanced at his horse, cropping the grass about the gate-post, and rubbing his velvety black nose against the reddening ivy leaves.

Rachel noticed his look, and feared he was going to leave her.

"I believe thee's right, Roger," she said. "I believe I ought to live my life in my own way, to make them respect me. I *will* go!"

Roger looked at her with quick admiration, yet there was a little doubt in his voice as he said: "It's the only thing to do, Rachel; only—of course—you don't want to make them *very* angry."

"I don't care how angry they are!" she cried; "it isn't as if they loved me."

"Or as if you loved them," Roger said. "Only—think it over, Rachel. I don't know—somehow, I don't feel quite sure."

"I feel sure," she answered, striking her hands sharply together; "but, oh! I do love them—I do! I do! And they don't want my love!"

Roger tried awkwardly to comfort her, but he felt as though he would rather give up the theatre than have any more tears, and he began to think he had been rash to urge her to go.

But Rachel had decided. There was a bitter joy in making herself as bad as her uncle and aunt thought her.

"They expect me to be disobedient, they are always watching for it, so I'll do it, Roger."

CHAPTER III.

It was not, however, quite easy to go into town on Saturday.

"Why does thee start so early, Rachel?" Sarah Townsend said, as her niece put on her little drab bonnet immediately after the noon dinner; "thee will have a long afternoon in town. I wish thee was not such a gad-about. I wish thee loved thy home."

"Thee will not miss me," Rachel answered, with the bitterness of premeditated disobedience. She was already beginning to feel remorse, and was blaming her aunt for her suffering. "If thee thinks I am a gad-about, Aunt Sarah, I don't see how thee can expect me to love my home. I don't see how I can."

Rachel's fingers trembled as she smoothed the gray ribbons under her chin. But Sarah's quiet sigh, as she said, "Thee need not try to show me how little thee cares for thy home—I know it too well," was like wind upon the fire.

Rachel flung back some sharp untruth as she opened the white front door and let herself out into the sunshine. But there

was a sob in her throat, and her eyes were stung with unshed tears which blurred the spray of salvia she stuck in her dress. "I won't look any more like a Friend than I can help!" she said, hotly, knowing how such a thought would wound her aunt. But she did not need the salvia. Her vivid face was not in harmony with her quiet bonnet and gown; she looked like one of the world's people masquerading as a Quakeress.

Roger watched, with a strange fascination, her kindling eyes and her childlike tears and laughter as the play progressed. He even wondered, as they left the glare of the theatre and came out into the soft dusk of the autumn afternoon, whether he was not very much in love with this strange, wild, pitiful creature, whose restless, throbbing life beat against the calm of her home.

In his uncertainty, and his pleasure in her pleasure, and the charm of stolen excitement, he was very kind to her, Rachel thought. He could not help telling her, too, how lovely he thought her face was, "and those little soft rings of hair, Rachel, round your temples, are so pretty!"

Rachel grew scarlet; no one had ever said such a thing to her. She trembled a little and looked at him with such beautiful, appealing eyes that Roger said more of the same nature. And he added, too, what happiness it was to be near her, and how much he hoped that in the future she would not forget him—"Forget thee? Why, Roger, I've known thee all my life! How could I forget thee?" she said simply)—and that life for him had not much to offer, now; he had *lived*, but it was in the past! He had suffered, too—he would tell her some time if she cared to hear—but she made what joy there was left to him in the ashes of memory, and would she promise always to let him be her friend, no matter what happened?

Upon reflection afterward, Roger felt that this had been very unwise; so there

were times when he tried to undo his words by being a little less than friendly, and in this Rachel's varying moods helped him. But such wisdom was always followed by a burst of pity for her, and then admiration, and then something strangely like tenderness. Every word he had so rashly said that afternoon had gone deep into her heart, and no momentary change in him could make her forget.

In the excitement of the play Rachel lost sight of everything but its pleasure; her gladness made the whole world seem loving and lovable. She did not remember her grief or her defiance.

"O Roger!" she said, "it was beautiful! Let us come again."

"We can come every Saturday afternoon, if you only will," he answered, eagerly, "and it will be better each time, and Friend Townsend and your aunt will see that it does not do any harm."

Rachel's face fell. "I had forgotten them," she said. And when Roger left her at the sun-dial, and she hurried through the garden to the big silent house, there was no defiance in her heart. The lamps were not lighted in the hall, only the faint September twilight struggled in through the fanlike window over the front door, but she could see the disapproval on her aunt's face. Sarah Townsend was standing on the lowest step of the wide staircase, waiting to speak to her niece, before going into the dining-room to see that the candles were lighted for tea. She was fresh from her simple toilet-table; in the clear, fine folds of her kerchief were some rose geranium leaves, and the spotless muslin of her cap rested upon the shining smoothness of her gray hair. Her exquisite, fragrant neatness was in sharp contrast to Rachel's flushed face; rebellious curls were blown across the girl's eyes and above the brim of her bonnet; her shawl, too, was awry, and she had torn one glove as she tried to pull it off.

"I hoped," said Sarah, gravely, "thee would come out by an earlier train."

"I told thee I was coming at five," Rachel answered, with the quick thought that perhaps her aunt had missed her. If thee had told me that thee wanted me I—" Then she stopped abruptly, realizing that she could not have come before. "Why didst thee not tell me? Thee knows, Aunt Sarah, the only thing in the world I want to do is just to please thee!" Confession was trembling upon Rachel's lips.

"I want thee to want to come, Rachel," Sarah answered simply, and then with her gentle footfall she went into the dining-room, and standing at the narrow side-board, with its slender carved legs and inlaid doors and drawers, she began to light the candles in four tall candlesticks. Rachel followed her with that feeling of aggravation which comes when trying to talk to a person who is walking away from one, and the instant resolution to be heard. Sarah had lighted a spill at the blue flames of the apple-wood fire, and was slowly touching the candle-wicks with it. Its delicate glow shone on her serious face. She looked up at Rachel.

"At least thee knows it does not please me to see thee so untidy," she said.

"Of course thee thinks I wouldn't have come if thee had said thee wanted me," Rachel cried; "and I couldn't help the wind blowing."

"If thee cannot speak respectfully, thee can, at least, be silent," Sarah answered, calmly. Then with her quiet step she again passed the girl and went into the parlor, grieved in her kind, just heart at the antagonism in Rachel's voice. And Rachel, in her small orderly room, had no thought of repentance, but lived over again the excitement of the afternoon, and Roger's kindness in taking her, and the sound of his voice in those new words he spoke.

"I will go again!" she said to herself; and she did.

CHAPTER IV.

THE consciousness of deceit could not be entirely escaped even in the height of enjoyment, and the theatre never seemed so pleasant to Rachel again. Indeed, except that it gave her Roger's companionship, upon which she was more and more dependent, she would not have cared to go; yet even that did not persuade her more than two or three times, and afterward her restless efforts to escape the stings of conscience were very apparent.

Regret began to stain all her interests, and even her few pleasures. She took long walks alone simply for occupation, or hurried into the city and out again for no other purpose than to divert her thoughts, which dwelt continually upon her disobedience.

Sarah Townsend saw the restlessness with dismay, but she could have no conception of its redeeming cause. Yet it was not until one November afternoon that she spoke of it to her husband.

"I have not wanted thee to think less well of the child than thee does, Oliver," she ended anxiously, "and so I have not told thee that I was troubled about her. Sometimes I think thy judgments are almost harsh, because thy ideal is so high. But it shows such unrest, this running about so much. She ought to wish to be at home. Home is the Lord's place for a modest young woman; it is an unregenerate mind which demands constant recreation."

"Yes, yes, that is true," Friend Townsend answered. He rose, and began to walk nervously about the room. "It must be stopped," he said. "We must remember her heritage from her grandfather and insist upon content. I am glad young Roger Livingstone has gone in town. Sarah! thee does not think she sees him there?"

He paused beside her chair in sudden anxiety.

"O Oliver! no!" she cried. "How canst thou think of such a thing! It is

only the vanity of youth, which seeks any occupation but duty. A woman of thy house could not so forget herself." With all its gentleness there was a calm pride in Sarah's face as she said this. "But we must put a stop to the going in town so much, because of that impulsive, inconsequent nature of hers. Will thee speak to her or shall I?"

"Oh! thee! thee!" Oliver said. "But, Sarah, why didst thee not put a stop to it long ago?"

"Because," she answered, sadly, "there are so many commands to give. I have to reprove her so often. She does not know how much I dread to find fault, she is so ready to be angry; and it seems to alienate her, to make her more unloving whenever I do admonish her. She cannot see that it is only because I love her that I do it. But thee knows I love her, Oliver."

The wistful tremor in her even voice gave her husband a shock of pain.

"She has an evil nature," he said, angrily, "if she can bear to make thee grieve!"

Yet as they sat waiting for Rachel to come home from a long walk in the cold gray afternoon his heart melted toward the child; and when, at last, she entered the quiet room he rose and left it, though in a silence she thought stern. By himself, in the hall, he struck his hands together with a gesture strangely unlike his usual calm. "Poor Rachel!" he said; "poor child!" His head sank upon his breast as he walked restlessly about. Oliver Townsend was remembering many things.

Rachel was in a softened mood when she came into the parlor. In her walk along by the river path she had been thinking that after all life might be very beautiful if there was love in it.

Of late she had been living in her dream of Roger, into which the real man had not entered. She had not noticed his efforts at commonplace friendliness, for

they were so genuine, there could be no sting in them. And it needed something sharp to pierce the mist in which her own construction of Roger's looks and words had wrapped her. That afternoon, in the glow of content about her heart she could even be just to her aunt; but all her contrition was subtly pervaded by her joy.

"Rachel," Sarah said in her low, even voice, glancing at the girl, who stood resting her forehead on the edge of the mantelpiece, and idly unfastening her bonnet, "thy uncle and I feel that thy taking such long walks, and going so often into town for no purpose, is but idling away thy time, and we think it best for thee to put a stop to it. We need not discuss it, but just remember what I say."

Rachel did not speak, and her aunt, thinking it was sullen acquiescence, added:

"It is for thy own good; we are sorry to cross thee."

The pleading in Sarah's tone touched Rachel; an impulse of love and remorse and happiness sent the tears brimming into her eyes.

"O Aunt Sarah!" she said, "I won't do anything thee doesn't want me to, but—but—I have, and I am so sorry!"

Sarah Townsend looked up at her with sudden tenderness. "If thee is really sorry it will be easy for thee to please us, my dear."

At that unusual, almost unknown word, Rachel's reserve gave way. She flung her bonnet down upon the floor and sank upon her knees beside her aunt, hiding her face in Sarah's lap. Already, in the relief of speaking, she felt herself restored in her own eyes; she did not realize that past wrong-doing is not lessened by confession.

"It isn't just the going in town," she said, her voice shaken with tears. "I have done wrong, Aunt Sarah. Oh! I have been so wicked—so wicked. Thee can never, never, never forgive me!"

Scenes like this seemed to Sarah Town-

send to lack genuineness. It was not necessary to be dramatic.

"Thee must not throw thy bonnet on the floor, Rachel," she replied, calmly, "and thee must be more composed. Instead of crying, just make up thy mind to be a good girl."

But Rachel could not check her impetuous remorse.

"I didn't think it was really wrong when I did it. I don't believe I stopped to think at all," she explained, hurriedly; "but it was all my fault, not Roger's, though he was with me always."

Sarah put her hands upon the girl's shoulders and lifted her with a sharp push.

"What does thee mean, Rachel?" she said, sternly.

At the change in her voice Rachel knelt upright, brushing her hair back from her startled eyes.

"What does thee mean about Roger Livingstone?" Sarah repeated, with something which was almost terror in her tone.

"O Aunt Sarah!" the girl faltered, trying to hide her face on her aunt's knees again, but held back by the relentless hands, "I've been going to the theatre with Roger; that's all."

"All!" Sarah exclaimed, half with relief and half with indignant protest.

"Yes," Rachel said, covering her face with her hands and sobbing; "yes; that's what I went in town for three afternoons last month."

Sarah could not speak; she felt almost faint. She did not see that Rachel had put her heart into her hands for good or ill; only the deceit, the disobedience, the dismay at Roger's influence pressed upon her. She bent her sweet, stern face upon her breast and groaned.

Rachel shivered. "Oh! I am sorry—I am so sorry. I will be good after this, always; I will be good!"

"Perhaps thee cannot be, Rachel," Sarah said in a broken voice, speaking

part of her thought that it might be that the child was not altogether responsible for this warped moral nature, and that her own severity, which had seemed a duty, had but made things worse. "Thee has deceived us as well as disobeyed us." She paused, but Rachel did not speak. "And thee can find pleasure in the companionship of such a man as Roger Livingstone—thee, Oliver's niece!"

Rachel rose, the softness frozen, the tenderness bitter.

"I have deceived thee, but I'm sorry; I've asked thee to forgive me; I'm sorry. I don't see what more I can do."

She had the feeling which sometimes comes with confession, that by confession the sin is atoned for and should be forgotten, and she resented Sarah's grief as unjust and cruel.

"There's nothing wrong in being glad to see Roger," she continued. "If he had felt he was welcome here I need not have seen him anywhere else. And—and—I like to be with Roger."

Sarah looked at her for a moment without speaking, and then she said abruptly, "Rachel, has Roger asked thee to marry him? I ask thee, though I am not sure that thee will tell the truth."

Sarah was quite calm now, but her mind was confused between distress at this foolish defiance and the far deeper grief of the girl's deceit.

Rachel's lips parted and then closed again; she hung her head in silence.

"Answer me, Rachel;" but Rachel could not speak.

"Does thee mean," Sarah said incisively, "that thee cares for a man who does not care for thee? And to be with him thee has been willing to deceive and disobey thy uncle and aunt?—thee has taken a lie upon thy soul! Rachel, I have known that thee didst not love us and didst not cheerfully obey us, but I never knew that thy heart was filled with deceit, and that thou hadst not the modesty of the young women of thy

family. Dost thou think we can ever trust thee again?"

Rachel stood trembling and panting like some wounded animal. She had no thought of self-defense; it was only pain.

"Thee may go to thy room," Sarah said, after a long silence; "thy uncle and I will try and decide what had best be done."

Without a word Rachel turned and fled out into the hall and up the stairs. She caught a glimpse of her uncle walking calmly up and down between the tall white lilies in Sarah's conservatory. He would have to be told! She scarcely seemed to breathe until she reached her own room, and shut and locked the door, and then leaned against it for support. Her heart was pounding in her throat; her eyes were blurred and stinging, but without tears. She heard the parlor door open and close, and knew that Oliver was listening to the story of her guilt.

"I cannot bear it!" she said aloud; "no, I cannot bear it!"

A gleam of joy came to her in the thought that it could not be borne; it meant escape from intolerable pain, though she could not yet see by what means. Her mind even darted forward to contemplate a time of peace, and she vaguely thought of a day when she should look back upon this misery—but, no, it was too terrible to be looked back upon! Pity for herself made her sob aloud, and without knowing that she was only choosing the lesser anguish, she began to say, "It is all because they are angry about Roger." She could not face the truth, that her pain and theirs was because of her deceit. It was a little easier to say, "They are angry that Roger should care for me." By and by a means of escaping from pain by action began to grow clear to her. She would go and tell Roger. In her proud, innocent heart Sarah's assertion that she cared for a man who did not care for her left no sting, save the bitterness that her aunt should have said it.

"I'll tell Roger," she said over and over again to herself. It seemed to afford her an intangible comfort.

CHAPTER V.

THE warm, fragrant air of the conservatory, and the silent beauty of Sarah's stately lilies had made Oliver Townsend much less restless. He almost forgot his anxiety about Rachel, and when he came into the parlor he was greatly startled and alarmed to find his wife hiding her face in her arms upon the table, her quick breath showing that she was in tears.

"Tell me, Sarah!" he said. But it was some moments before she could speak, and then she said, brokenly: "Oliver, Rachel has been deceiving us. She has confessed it, though she is not really repentant. Think how we have failed in our duty to her, if such sin is possible in the poor child!" Then she told him, faltering with grief and shame, of the deception; but with a tender instinct to spare Rachel, she said nothing of what she called the girl's infatuation for Roger Livingstone. After all, that was the least important. "But, Oliver," she ended, "think how far we have let her drift from us, that she *could* deceive us! Oh! I have sinned in this—it is my fault—not Rachel's. She does not love us, Oliver, after all these years, but it is because I have been unworthy of the charge of one of His little ones!"

He tried to comfort her and tell her she was wrong, but for once the brave, silent woman was broken; she would not listen, and by and by went to her own bedroom, pacing up and down the floor, in despairing condemnation of herself. Her heart ached for Rachel, yet it did not occur to her to go and comfort the child; she would even have felt it wrong to have seemed too readily to excuse the sin; but had she thought of it, it was already too late.

Rachel's vague purpose of telling Roger had assumed a definite form. There was

a train into town that she could take which would make it possible for her to see the young man before he went out for the evening. And she would tell him all about it, and he—he would tell her how to act! She had a confused thought of finding a place to board and some work to do, but underneath this purpose was the wordless conviction that Roger would take care of her. She did not think "He will ask me to marry him," but she felt it.

At last she rose from crouching against the door, and with trembling little hands put on her dove-colored bonnet and folded a soft shawl about her shoulders. Then she opened the door and stood for a moment listening, her eyes dilating and her breath coming quickly. There was no sound except the faint snapping of the fire in one of the lower rooms. The hall was quite dark in the early twilight, and the shadows hid her as she crept downstairs; her fingers shook when she turned the big brass knob and opened the front door. In another moment she had closed it stealthily behind her, and stood alone in the gray chill of the November evening.

She looked back once, as she reached the foot of the steps, not hesitating in her purpose, nor with any relenting tenderness, but with the habit of a love which has been repressed and misunderstood. The blinds were not drawn, and she saw Oliver sitting with his gray head bowed upon his hand; his spectacles were folded across the page of an open book upon a little round table at his side, whose shining top gleamed faintly in the flickering firelight. Sarah Townsend's white knitting work lay just as she had put it down when she began to reprove Rachel. The room looked so warm and peaceful, her uncle sat so quietly watching the fire, his face hidden by his hand, a wave of bitterness swept over Rachel. "What does he care if I am unhappy!" she thought; "as soon as the lamps are lighted he'll read again." Oh! if they

only had loved her—she already thought of her life with them in the past—she could have been so good! but they would never trust her or love her again! For an instant she forgot that her anger was for Roger's sake.

She turned and ran swiftly through the garden; her dress caught on the broken branch of a rose bush, and she stopped to loosen it, pricking her thin fingers till they bled. She found herself suddenly crying; it was snowing softly, and she was cold, and everything hated her.

The rush and tumult of the flying train drowned her thoughts. She was half dazed when she reached the city, but in the short ride to Roger's rooms she began to think how she should tell him her story. Again and again she reached a certain point in it, and then seemed to wait for his answer. "What ought I to do, Roger? I'll do whatever thee tells me."

She was so sure of his sympathy, and so ignorant of human nature, that it was impossible for her to imagine the dismay and almost repulsion with which Roger, entering his small library from his bedroom, saw her standing in his doorway, flushed and panting and almost happy.

After his first two terrible words of astonishment there was absolute silence for a moment. Rachel's color wavered and ebbed, the terror stole back into her eyes. Without a word of explanation the enormity of her mistake fell upon her.

"Has any one seen you?" Roger said; and then he drew her inside and closed the door. "For Heaven's sake, why are you here?" His fright at his own responsibility made him angry. Rachel's beautiful dumb eyes entreated him to understand her. "Something has happened, I suppose. Tell me. O Rachel! you should not have come *here*. Did you go to my office first?"

"They have found out about my going to see the play," she answered at last, slowly. She had forgotten that it had been her own confession. It seemed to her

that she had been trapped into telling her aunt. "They are very angry, and they will never trust me again. Aunt Sarah said so. So I am going to earn my own living; and I—I thought thee could advise me; but never mind."

The pitiful quiver in her voice touched Roger, but it was chivalry, not love, that it aroused.

"Rachel dear," he said, simply, "I will take care of you, always. You must marry me, Rachel."

But it was too late. With the first look of horrified surprise on Roger's face the woman had been born in her. She scarcely seemed to hear him, and went on speaking as though he had not interrupted her. She was conscious only of a desire to hide from him that her anger had been for his sake.

"I mean to do some kind of work. I don't know what, yet. But I can't live at Uncle Oliver's any more. So I thought—if thee could tell me some place where I could board—I have a little money—but thee needn't trouble, Roger."

Roger drew a long breath. After all, it would never do. It was folly to have asked her to marry him; and Rachel had had too much common sense to notice his words.

"Why, of course I'll help you, Rachel," he said in a troubled way; "only, honestly, I don't see how I can. Why, Rachel, don't you understand? It wouldn't do."

"Thee needn't trouble," she said again, vaguely.

"But it isn't that it is any trouble," he explained. "You know I wouldn't care how much trouble it was, only, what would be the use? You couldn't support yourself. Why, my dear girl, what can you do? And, don't you see, Friend Townsend would simply find you, and take you home again. He has the legal right." Roger was still young enough in his profession to feel its awe. "Indeed, Rachel," he continued, for she did not answer, "it was foolish to come to me—

to come in town, I mean; and it was a mistake to think you could take care of yourself. I know the world, my child, and you don't. Do go home, Rachel, right away!"

The old simple friendliness made him very much in earnest.

"Very well," she said.

"Won't you start to the station at once?" Roger said, eagerly. "Your carriage is at the door still, and you can be at home again in an hour. I musn't go down-stairs with you; it wouldn't do, don't you know. But if you'll just slip out quietly nobody will see you, and they need never know at Friend Townsend's that you came here."

"I should know," Rachel said, hoarsely.

"What?" cried Roger, impatiently; but without waiting for her answer, "you can say you came in town on an errand and missed your train, or—or anything! But go! go!"

In the sudden fear that some one might come in and find her there he was again growing angry with her folly.

"Yes, I'll go," Rachel answered.

"I don't want any one to know that you came here to see me, Rachel, dear," he explained, relenting with honest sympathy for her mistake, "because, you see, it isn't—well, it isn't usual for a girl to do such a thing. So you won't mind my not going down-stairs with you?"

"No, I won't mind," she said, looking absently about the warm, bright little room; "I won't mind; oh! no. And I'm sorry, Roger; and it isn't thy fault. Only—I ought not to have been born, thee sees. I—I think it isn't anybody's fault, after all."

"What isn't? What do you mean?" he said, with sudden anxiety, for she seemed so indifferent to him and his explanations that Roger felt a thrill of tenderness.

But Rachel had gone. He followed her into the entry, where the one small jet of gas flared and burned bluely for a moment in the draft from his open door,

but she did not look back. He leaned over the balustrade and saw her gray figure hurrying down the coil of the broad staircase, and he stood there, straining his eyes into the darkness and full of troubled pity, until the front door opened and then closed with a dull, distant jar.

CHAPTER VI.

AND Rachel? The idea of going home again never presented itself to her, yet, with a dim consciousness of a promise, she went blindly toward the station. She forgot the carriage, although it had begun to snow steadily, and in her hurried uncertain walk she stumbled once or twice. The second time a group of men, who had sought shelter in a doorway, laughed loudly, and one of them shouted a name into ears too innocent to know that they were insulted. She turned and looked at them with the wondering thought that any one was happy enough to laugh, and they were silenced.

Again the short, swift ride; again the glare of the lamp outside the little station, the panting engine, the clouds of steam, and through all the beating snow and the gusts of wind. The station-master did not recognize her, and when he looked again for the one passenger who had left the train she had vanished.

She left the road, running between the leafless hedges, and climbing down a gravelly bank, hurried across a field toward the river. "If I can just be quiet and think," she said again and again; "if I can only be quiet."

She walked aimlessly about the wide white meadow, trying to silence the tumult in her brain, which seemed actual noise; she even put her hands up to her ears once, and stood still, repeating: "I must think."

After awhile she tripped upon the twisted root of a locust tree, and through sheer exhaustion, did not rise, but sat leaning against its rough trunk. "I'll

think now," she said to herself; she hid her face in her hands, for the darkness and the storm began to terrify her. One word, repeating and repeating itself, had made this clamor in her mind.

"Oh! yes, yes," she assented, "I *will* die—I must, but how? Oh! if God would only kill me! He might be as kind as that. I've always been so unhappy, and it would be such a little thing to let me die. But I've prayed and prayed, and yet I go on living."

As this thought worked itself out in her mind, she heard, above her own sobs, and above the soft, swift rush of the river, which curved like a brown arm about the meadow, the far-off rumble of a train of cars.

Then, suddenly it all came to her, how easy escape was, how simple! A great calm settled down upon her. She lifted her face with a bewildered smile; the snow had caught in the wet tangle of her soft hair, and blew against her small pitiful lips with faint cold touches. Here was the way out of all the pain; she need not pray for it to come to her, she could take it.

She rose, steadying herself upon her tired feet, and began to walk back across the field toward the railroad. She found herself wondering why anybody was alive when it was so easy not to be. She laughed under her breath to think how she had prayed for escape, when all the while the river had been slipping by, or this other way invited her. What peace to just forget! They should not say—they should never again have the chance to say that they did not trust her! And she should be happy at last. But the thought of the Heaven beyond was perfunctory and unreal. Actually, her purpose was only childish impatience with present pain.

When she reached the steep embankment again she took off her bonnet and folded her shawl about it, with the hardly acquired habit of care for her clothing, and placed them beneath a tree. Then

she climbed the gravelly slope and stood upon one of the tracks; the snow beat in her face, and the wind twisted her wet skirt about her ankles. Again, far back among the hills, came the rumble of an approaching train; she felt the jar under her feet, and then, through the white blur of the storm, came the muffled glare of the head-light.

In an instant the desire for death was swept away. Her instinct to escape pain had been only love of life in disguise. She leaped back upon the other track. "Oh! I didn't mean it, I didn't mean it!" she cried, hoarsely. The riotous wind swept her frightened voice like a feather into the darkness, and as the cars rushed past her down the track she stood white and trembling, saying again and again: "I don't want to die, I don't want to die; I didn't mean it!"

She had forgotten—or perhaps she did not know—that the other express was due. The two trains thundered by each other and left only darkness and the beating snow.

—
Even Death was not kind to Rachel Dudley; the great silence left her still misunderstood.

"She took her own life," Sarah said, briefly. "The child of our old age could not love us enough to live for us, and it was my fault."

No one but Roger knew of the interview in his rooms that night. "I drove her to it," he said under his breath, divided between grief and fright. Yet this did not last, for he came, at last, to think very honestly that he had loved her and she had refused him. "If she had cared for me that night I could have saved her; and now she has broken my heart."

But through the warp of prejudice Oliver Townsend dimly saw a truth: "The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children," he said; "it was her inheritance."

MARGARET DELAND.

ABNER GREEN'S WILL.

BY

JAMES C. PLUMMER.

CHAPTER II.

THE wind had been blowing all day more or less briskly, but in a discontented fashion. It commenced to blow from the northeast, but, being hard to please, it veered to southeast, and then around to northwest. It reached there just at nightfall and found itself at home. How it screamed as it rushed down from the Alleghenies, gleefully worrying the bare trees to madness! How it shrieked its wild halloo! as it chased a wisp of straw torn from a stack across the flat meadows until it came to Abner Green's house, and then, making feint of having run its quarry to earth beneath it, howled and yelped about the gables like a pack of hounds! Such was the uproar that Issie, warming over the chicken soup and toasting a piece of bread, did not hear Mr. Jaggers come softly down-stairs and enter the room.

"I left my brother sleeping, greatly comforted by my coming," said he; "and now, little girl, as you seem to be cook, can you give me a morsel of supper—a crust of bread and a cup of water?"

Perhaps, if Mr. Jaggers had known the risks he ran of having his modest order served literally, he would not have thus itemized his bill of fare; fortunately Issie had some eggs in the house, and told him she would cook them when she had given her uncle his supper.

"Uncle!" repeated Mr. Jaggers, with emphasis. "Why do you persist in calling Abner Green 'Uncle'; he is no kin to you, and you must remember you have no claim on him beyond gratitude for his kindness."

Issie made no reply, but hastened up-

stairs with the soup and toast, leaving Mr. Jaggers humming the burden of a hymn. She did not, however, find Abner asleep. As she opened the door of the room he again made that quick motion of concealing something in the breast-pocket of his coat, and turning to the girl said, "I don't want any supper, Issie; put it away; I'll be pretty hungry in the morning, for I'll be a heap better!"

Issie threw a log of wood on the fire and asked him if she should help him to bed.

"Not right now, Issie, not right now; I'll sit up awhile yet," answered the old man. "Is Hiram Jaggers down-stairs?"

"The man what was talkin' to you is in the kitchen," replied Issie.

"Then he's a-lookin' for his supper. What are you going to give him, Issie?"

"Some eggs," returned the girl; "there's nothing else in the house."

"One egg, Issie; one egg is enough for Hiram Jaggers yet awhile," said Mr. Green, with a cunning smile. "Buzzards and crows have to stay hungry till the creetur they're watchin' dies, an' Hiram 'ull have to wait a long time, for I'm a goin' to git well, Issie."

"Of course, you are," she answered, in surprise at the idea.

"One egg, Issie, understand."

"Yes, sir," and stirring the fire and casting a comprehensive glance about to see that there was nothing more to be done for the old man's comfort, she went down-stairs. During the preparation of the eggs, for Issie, in the native hospitality of a woman's heart, had exceeded Abner's allowance, Mr. Jaggers walked about the kitchen peering into corners, and looking about generally with the air of a

man who might own that very house some day. He even ate his eggs with a proprietary air, while Issie ate her supper near the fire, paying no attention to the man, but listening, as she loved to do, to the wind frolic outside. And a grim frolic it was! How it sounded sullenly roaring back in the woods as though the trees were holding it back, then, breaking loose, it rushed with a mighty surge, shaking the house! What queer noises it made whistling through key-holes, moaning at the window, and shouting in muffled tones down the chimney—what a queer noise it made then, even Dash raised his head and growled. Again; could it be the wind? Hiram Jagers raised his eyes furtively to the dark void of the hall. Issie arose to her feet and was listening. Once more that gasping, throttled cry, and with one mad impulse, terrified because they knew not what frightened them, Issie and Mr. Jagers rushed upstairs.

Abner Green lay in his chair, his head hanging over the arm. He was writhing in the hands of an invisible but powerful giant that had seized him with wan hands, wrenched his face into a frightful distortion, dragging down the right eye and right corner of the mouth, and giving to the countenance a most horrible appearance, which was heightened by the ghastly death pallor, and the slobbering efforts of the paralyzed tongue to speak. Issie screamed with horror, while Mr. Jagers shudderingly covered his face with his hands and turned to fly. Then a quiver ran through the stricken form, and Issie, mastering her terror, rushed to him just as the life-light died out of his eyes.

With a moan she allowed the head which she had lifted to fall against the chair arm.

"Hush!" whispered Mr. Jagers, in a quivering voice, "he is dead;" and he dragged the girl back from the corpse.

"Where is the nearest neighbor?" he whispered; then, as the girl dumbly gazed

at the dead, he shook her roughly by the arm and added fiercely, "call in somebody. Get some one, for God's sake! We cannot stay in this house alone to-night."

He pulled her out of the door and down the staircase, she voiceless and stupid with terror. He pushed her along the passage and through the door and into the crisp night.

"Go, run, to the nearest house—stay, I'll go myself," he said, shaking the girl savagely; "show me the way, you fool; are you deaf and dumb?"

The touch of the boisterous wind to her face aroused Issie to a consciousness of what was required of her, and she pointed in the direction of John Andrews's house where a light might be seen faintly gleaming across a corn-field. Hatless, Mr. Jagers dashed away in the course indicated, while the girl stood vacantly gazing after him.

Very little time elapsed before Mr. Jagers returned, accompanied by Mr. Andrews, his wife, and also Dr. Godby, the village physician, who chanced to be visiting at the lawyer's house.

Mrs. Andrews took charge of Issie, and her husband, merely throwing a glance of pity toward the girl, hurried up-stairs behind the doctor and Mr. Jagers.

The lawyer, paying no attention to either the doctor or Mr. Jagers, walked up to the corpse and examined the coat pockets. Finding nothing there he glanced around the room. An old table stood near the window, which answered for a desk, where Abner kept his papers. The drawer was open, and the few papers it contained were disarranged, as if by some one searching among them.

The lawyer handled them quickly, and then with a disappointed face looked at the smoldering fire. Some charred tinder lay upon the coals. Paper had evidently been burned, and as if this ended his search, he exclaimed:

"God help the girl, he has burned the will instead of signing it!"

Issie arose very early after a few hours' troubled sleep. Two men, who had been summoned by the alarm in the night and who had volunteered to sit up and watch, nodded to her as she came down-stairs, and then, white-faced with want of sleep, hastened home in the cold, gray dawn-light. How still the house was after they had left! How still everything was! even the wind had lulled as if it knew a man lay sleeping his last sleep in that house, and forbore to awaken him. Then Dash came joyously barking from the barn, and greeted her with many leaps and much wagging of his tail. A little after Ben came across the field, thrashing himself with his arms, for the morning was cold. He greeted the girl cheerfully, and set about making a fire in the kitchen.

"So the old man is gone," said he, as he stimulated the newly-kindled fagots with blasts from his lungs. "Wall, I guess I can put on a leetle more wood without him a-worryin' hisself now."

Issie stared at the man as if she did not understand him, and Ben said, explanatorily and interrogatively:

"He's dead, aint he; died last night?"

"Yes," she answered, slowly, "he's dead," and then the terrible scene of the night came before her, and she burst out crying.

"Don't cry," said Ben, laying his huge red hand on her shoulder very tenderly. "He's fixed you all right, an' some day you'll be a-runnin' this farm for yourself."

Issie did not understand him, and made no reply, and he continued:

"I tell you, Issie, what I wish you'd do for me. I want that there silk jacket the old man was a-wearin' last night. No one 'ull want it now, so you might give it to me."

"All right," returned the girl. "I'll get it for you."

There was a step on the stairs, and Mr. Jagers entered, humming some solemn air. His mouth creased into a satisfied smile as he looked about the room, and seeing Ben said to him:

"Eh, and who are you, my friend?"

"Ben Barton," was the reply. "I'm a-makin' the fire for the young mistress."

"Hardly, my friend," said Mr. Jagers, with several more creases in his face; "the mistress of the house is, please God, in Cobbtown, twenty miles from here."

"And who's that?" asked Ben.

"My daughter, Mary Ann Jagers," replied the sleek man, his face a perfect ocean of creases.

Ben struck the wall a savage blow with his fist.

"Cuss the old sinner!" he growled, "he's left the house to your daughter, has he, the darned old liar. He'd a-never got me an' Jim Parsons to sign that there will of hisn if he hadn't a-told us that it made Issie get everything."

The creases left Mr. Jagers's face suddenly, and he hurriedly glanced around to where Issie had been standing, but the girl had gone out of the door.

"What are you talking about?" he said, looking darkly at Ben. "Abner Green made no will."

"I'm a-talkin' about that there paper me and Jim signed for the old man the wery evenin' he died—last evenin', about four o'clock," rejoined Ben. "The old man called us up-stairs, and he sez he wanted us to watch him sign a paper, and then sign our names. Jim he said he had made up his mind never to write his name, an' I wasn't anxious, for I didn't know whar it mought lead, but the old man sez he were a-makin' his will to leave all he had to Issie, and unless we signed our names she couldn't get nothin'. Jim and I 'ud do anythin' for Issie, an' we signed our names below hisn, and, cuss the old coon, we war a-leavin' the property to your daughter in Cobbtown all the time."

"I tell you, Abner Green made no will," said Mr. Jagggers, sternly. "He told me so."

"I couldn't sw'ar it were a will," retorted Ben, "for never havin' seen one, I don't know the shape an' build of the things, but I'll sw'ar he said it were a will," and Ben walked angrily out of the house toward the barn.

Mr. Jagggers remained standing before the fire, with no creases in his face, but with rather an anxious expression in their place. Nan, the old negress who acted as cook in Abner Green's house, came shortly after, and prepared breakfast. Nan had formally shaken off the dust of Abner Green's service from her feet two weeks before, but her affection for Issie made her only too willing to assist the girl now that she was alone.

After the meal Mr. Jagggers walked up and down the room for some half-hour, and then, going into the yard where Issie was feeding the chickens, he said, quietly:

"Esther, there are no instructions left me, by my departed kinsman, about you, and you must make up your mind what you will do and where you will go."

"Where I'll go?" echoed Issie, in surprise.

"Of course," retorted Mr. Jagggers, testily. "You cannot stay here, this farm, with all the rest of Abner Green's possessions, now belongs to my daughter, Mary Ann, and she will likely rent this house out at once, the farm being already under lease."

"Where must I go?" asked Issie, piteously, her lip quivering.

"Well, hum, ha!" exclaimed Mr. Jagggers, "that is for you to find out; you must consult with your friends, and be ready to leave day after to-morrow at the latest." And Mr. Jagggers, with many creases in his face, strolled out to view his daughter's inheritance.

Issie remained standing as if stunned, the chickens impatiently gathering about her, and trying to attract her attention to

the fact that their breakfast had barely commenced. Leave—she must leave that house, the utter uncertainty of her finding a welcome under any roof added not a feather's weight to her grief; she did not think of it beside the terrible fact that she must leave this place, where she had spent all the life she could remember. These inanimate things—the wood-shed, the rickety well, the chicken-house—all seemed to-day loved friends about to depart forever, and then the chickens, every one known to her, and Dash—she stooped and pressed a kiss on the white spot in his broad head and burst into tears. Hotly they streamed down her face, hiding with their film the wondrous view outspread before her. Down the sloping ground to the borders of the woods, even long rows of corn shocks, in regular lines as if some army had pitched their tents there for the night. Along the branch, at the bottom of the inclined way, a bramble of undergrowth, tangled, prickly, and yet so bejeweled with the scarlet dogwood berries, the oblong purple fruit of the haw, and the blue pendants of the blue-brier that one forgot its scrubbiness; up the steep on the other side of the branch, the masses of foliage, tinted by the frost, presented a wonderful mosaic of gold, scarlet, crimson, and green, as one gazed at the intermeshed leaves of oak, dogwood, poplar, and gum, in the bright October sunshine, so fair a sight, on so fair a day, that Dash whined his astonishment that his mistress did not walk in the painted woods instead of sobbing so pitifully in this dull corner.

There were many visitors during the day, for the news of old Abner's death spread rapidly. People gazed curiously at the gray, set face scarcely changed by death from the hard expression it bore in life. They gazed curiously, and most of them approvingly, at the sleek face of Mr. Jagggers, and hearkened to his godly words, for verily he was full of pious precepts that day, and delivered them

with that absorbing glance around which seemed to insist on every thing animate or inanimate hearing and profiting. There were a few, however, who thought of the girl left lonely and desolate. Mrs. Andrews did, however, and found her, notwithstanding her shrinking into hiding. The good woman, whose houseful of children forbade another occupant, yet found ample room for Issie in her heart, and spoke words of true comfort to the girl. The funeral was to be the next day, and after the ceremony Issie was to come to Mrs. Andrews's house, for the time being, until some place could be found for her. Mrs. Andrews also said that Mr. Jaggers had declined doing anything for her, and intended renting the house after the funeral as soon as he could. Issie did not appear at dinner-time, but spent the day wandering amid the familiar objects, and tearfully bidding them a silent farewell. As evening drew on, and the shadows commenced to take heart, and creep out from the woods, over the meadows, she entered the house. Mr. Jaggers was sitting by the fire in deep thought, probably some pious musing, for he barely glanced at her as she passed. She walked along the passage and, after hesitating a moment, entered the room where the body lay. She had never felt much love for the old man, and her eyes were dry as she gazed at the still face, but she touched his forehead timidly with her hand, and then stooping kissed the cold cheek. Gliding quietly out of the room she went up-stairs and tried to open the door of the room where he had died. It was locked. Descending again, she walked into the kitchen and interrupted Mr. Jaggers's train of thought with the words, "Please give me the key of uncle's room."

Mr. Jaggers was evidently surprised at the demand, but he replied, pleasantly:

"The key, now what can you want with the key?"

"I want to get something," returned the girl. A suspicion flitted across the

mind of Mr. Jaggers, and looking directly in her face, he asked sternly:

"What do you want in that room; are any of your clothes in there?"

"No!" answered Issie, bluntly.

Issie was used to deception. She had often deceived Abner Green in regard to his rigid rations to Dash and the chickens, for she knew he would coldly refuse to increase them no matter how she entreated, therefore she increased them herself without his permission. On the same basis she reasoned that Mr. Jaggers would refuse to allow her what she wanted in this instance, and resolved that he should not know what she desired.

"Esther," said Mr. Jaggers, after a pause, "everything in this house except your clothes belongs to me as representative of my daughter. If you will tell me what you want, and I deem it a just demand, I will give it to you; otherwise, I will not open the door."

Issie looked him in the face a moment and walked out of the room into the passage, and removing her shoes crept softly up-stairs and entered the room adjoining the one she wished to enter. She quietly opened the window and looked out. The moon was just rising, and by its light her eager eyes noted that if one could manage to stand on the top of the down-stairs window shutter, it would be an easy matter to reach the roof of the front-door porch, and by this means enter the room where Abner Green had died. It would be a dangerous undertaking, and would require a cool head and steady feet, but the girl resolved to try it. She had forgotten, during the day, to get the silk jacket she had promised to Ben, and as this was her last night in the house, it must be gotten now or she must fail to keep her promise.

Boldly climbing on the sill, she allowed her legs to dangle down until she hung by the sill, and one of her feet touched the top of the shutter. Slipping her hand to the upper shutter, which was held fast by

an old-fashioned hasp, she succeeded in getting both feet on the top of the lower shutter, holding on by the upper one. Her heart beat quick, for the shutters were very unsteady, but slowly slipping her feet along, she reached the end of the shutter. She was now more than two feet from the roof, the shutter did not reach as far as she thought, and she clung to her support a moment, making up her mind for the final venture. Then, letting go her hold, she fell forward with outstretched arms, and clutching the edge of the roof scrambled breathless and trembling upon it. After resting a moment, she opened the window, and stood in the room where, the night before, she had witnessed the terrible scene of the old man's death.

Had Issie been brought up among other children, and tenderly cared for by her parents, she would have been frightened out of her wits by the dread images that silent dark room would have called up, but as Mr. Green allowed her no story-books, and she had had few companions, she was totally unaware of the existence of ghosts and untimely visitors of that species; therefore, without any fear she groped her way to the closet where she knew the old man's clothes had been put, and opening the door, commenced to feel among the various garments for the silk jacket. As the closet was large and she small, she found it necessary to crawl into it, and just as her touch picked out the sought-for jacket, her quick ear caught the sound of footsteps on the stairs; some one was ascending, and, of a certainty, it was Mr. Jaggers.

"He's heard me!" muttered Issie, in blank dismay, and her mind flashed over the means for escape—there were none. She could not leave by the window in time to prevent being seen, and even as she thought of the method the door-knob turned. Issie quickly pulled the closet door shut, and crouched in the corner among the clothes. The door, however,

did not close tightly, and through the crevice she saw Mr. Jaggers standing in the doorway.

That excellent man did not evince any desire to enter the room suddenly, he held the candle high, and gazed rather fearfully around, as if dreading lest he should see something like the stricken form of last night crouching in a corner.

After a careful inspection, he mustered up courage to enter, and reached the middle of the room, when the accumulated dust in the habiliments of the late Abner Green, being disturbed by Issie huddling among them, so tickled the nostrils of the girl that a violent sneeze burst from her before she could do more than hastily attempt to smother it with the silk jacket in her hands. The attempt only resulted in a most singular noise, sounding like the amalgamation of a wheeze and a groan, and it sounded so strangely to Mr. Jaggers that he dropped the candle, and, rather precipitately for a man of his build, hastened down-stairs. In an instant Issie stepped out of the closet and noiselessly in her stocking feet ran into the next room. Here she concealed the jacket, and resuming her shoes, went down to the kitchen in answer to Mr. Jaggers's quavering repetitions of her name. She found that gentleman much agitated, and he insisted on her remaining in the room with him until two watchers arrived to sit up with the body. Then she went to bed, the jacket beneath her pillow—but suppose some kindly spirit had whispered a secret to Hiram Jaggers, would she have slept undisturbed? He looked like a good man, and talked like one, but, perhaps, Issie would have been awakened.

A dreary wind drove the withered leaves here and there over the frozen earth, and made the trees clash their branches together as if they were trying to keep warm that way. Gray, frost-killed grass and dry leaves on the ground, an ashen sky overhead, and a corpse about to be buried in the cold ground.

John Andrews was no poet, but a sober, practical lawyer, and yet he could not help feeling that this day of all days befitted a funeral.

A goodly crowd had assembled to see Abner Green buried—a curious, dry-eyed crowd, excepting Mr. Jagers, who made much use of his handkerchief, and a crowd not at all disposed to disguise their absence of grief at the departure of their neighbor. A great many people looked at Mr. Jagers, and a few cast glances of sympathy at the pale girl gazing with dull eyes at the first funeral she had seen since she had reached the age of recollection.

Mr. Gimp, the village carpenter, who united the business of an undertaker to his trade, thereby giving point to his standard joke that he built houses above ground for the living, and beneath it for the dead, and also adding to his profits, had charge of the funeral, and was officiously busy making arrangements for lowering the coffin into the grave. This having been rather bunglingly accomplished, he managed to throw the handfuls of dirt on the coffin at the wrong time, thereby discomposing the clergyman, and causing him to say "ashes to dirt," instead of the proper formula. Now the wind, taking pity on this man for whom no one mourned, whirled a few dead leaves into the grave as its offering, and the grave-digger followed with shovelfuls of earth, which fell on the deal box with a hollow sound, and nearly deadened Ben Barton's voice as he approached, rapidly shouting:

"Hole on, thar."

Everybody looked in his direction, and beheld Mr. Barton walking briskly across a field, followed rather slouchingly by Mr. Jim Parsons. "Hole on a minnit, Gimp," said Mr. Barton, panting with his exertions, "don't put no more dirt in jist yet," and then, turning, he encouraged Mr. Parsons to accelerate his pace in these words: "Come on, you darned fool, what's there to be afeard of?"

When that slow-footed gentleman had reached the crowd, Mr. Barton handed a paper to Mr. Andrews with these words: "I found this hyar paper tucked in the linin' of a silk jacket Issie gave me this mornin'. It belonged to the dead man there, an' it's the paper Jim an' me signed. So we hurried up, fur we thowt it might have to be read afore the old man was kivered up."

John Andrews glanced over the paper and held up his hand for silence. "I am glad this paper has come to light before the earth is heaped upon Abner Green's grave," said he, "for it changes my feelings toward him, and will likely change yours. I hold the last will and testament of the late Abner Green, drawn up by myself and witnessed by Ben Barton and James Parsons. By its provisions Issie Gray inherits all the possessions of the late Abner Green, when she reaches the age of twenty-one years; until which time John Andrews and Silas French are appointed trustees. This is your signature, Ben Barton?"

"It certainly is," replied Mr. Barton.

"And yours, Jim Parsons?"

"It are," replied Mr. Parsons, taking off his hat as if taking an oath; "it are what I writ."

"Then, Issie Gray," said the lawyer, "I congratulate you; you have had a narrow escape."

"But, how do you account for the will being concealed in the lining of the jacket?" interrupted Mr. French.

"Probably in this way," returned Mr. Andrews: "The deceased wore the jacket underneath his coat, and likely had the paper in his hand when he heard some one, maybe Mr. Jagers, coming upstairs. In his hurry to hide a paper he was only half inclined to sign at all, he tried to push it in the inside pocket of his coat, but instead thrust it in an aperture in the lining of the jacket. At least, that is my theory, and it is as good as any other, for here is the will."

During the excitement incident to the unexpected appearance of the will, Mr. Jagers had left the churchyard at a rapid gait, and shortly afterward might have been seen with his fat umbrella under his arm, walking down the road toward the next village where he could take the stage for Cobbtown, and he probably reached there, for no one in

Ryeville ever saw him again. And the sun, as if he felt rejoiced at Issie's good fortune, broke away the clouds and sent a gleam against the windows of the old house, so that, as the girl walked back from the churchyard, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, one might have thought the old farm-house was illuminated in honor of its new mistress.

[THE END.]

WAITING.

"Three treasures, love and light
And calm thoughts regular as infant's breath,
And three firm friends more sure than day and night,
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death."
—Coleridge.

I.

EACH day I see in her quiet place,
Framed by the window and green of trees,
Across the way, a grandmother's face.
I wonder what are the visions she sees?
Waking she sits and seems to dream
Like one who rests after toil some ways.
Does she to herself a traveler seem
Tired with the march through the yesterdays?
Her face is still as a sleeping child's,
Nothing sad in the long unpast;
Do none of the thorns of wilderness wilds
Haunt this hour where she rests at last?
Never a sorrow, she does but wait
Through winter-time snow and summer-time breath,
Wait till the Lord shall swing wide the gate,
The gate to the beautiful calm of Death.

II.

Along the garden-path, under the trees,
Youth's tender bloom on her cheek and lips,
Like a pliant lily swung by the breeze,
The granddaughter Jenny daintily trips;
Or under the porch she's sitting awhile,
A far-away look in her eyes deep blue.
Mouth is sweet with a dreamy smile—
Jenny, what say the long years to you?
How they beckon your little feet on,
Restless winged years that float from above,
With, perhaps, a dream of the Prince to come
To lead through the beautiful gate of Love,
But better, oh! better, the long, long rest,
The journey so near to its peaceful end.
Of all the angels that make life blest,
Death is the best that the Lord can send.

KATRIN CASA.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE DELUGE.

A SEASIDE SÉANCE.

THE winter was certainly over. People were shaking out their spring wraps, and shaking off their heavy furs; the sun was beginning to make love to the bushes and boughs; sparrows were building, and the almanacs said, "Spring opens."

Miss Dalton's large pleasant boarding-house, overlooking the square, was full to overflowing. Beside the regular family of a full score and more, there was just now a couple of visitors from out of town.

The younger of these visitors was Miss Polly Vane, a bride elect, in all the excitement and anxiety of a trousseau hunt. That this young woman had the sympathy, not to say assistance, of the entire feminine portion of the Mansion Dalton in this exciting pursuit, it is not necessary to assert; suffice to say, that when Kitty Wood's and Kate Grant's and Katherine Derwent's nimble limbs gave out, going up-stairs and down-stairs and in my lady's chambers, in search of raiment, the purple and fine linen and gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls that lure people to distraction at such times, then Mrs. Roth, Miss Dalton, and even old Mrs. Crane volunteered their services, to say nothing of sober Mrs. Bird and little Mrs. Harlow throwing in an occasional suggestion.

"Well, I declare!" cried Kitty Wood, one morning, finding herself lame and halt from her peregrinations of the week, "I actually cannot move another step. Polly, you'll either have to put off having your tea-gown or your wedding if it depends upon me to pilot you around to-day. I'm all used up," and she sank back among the cushions of the lounge with a gasp.

"And my head just thumps like a trip hammer, ugh!" groaned Kate Grant, gently brushing out her long blonde hair.

"And my feet are so swollen I positively cannot get my boots on," said Katherine Derwent, kicking off her pebbled morrocos, and thrusting her toes into a pair of dainty satin slippers. "Polly Vane, we are all wrecks at the shrine of your outfit."

"Well, girls, I'm awfully sorry," began Polly, apologetically, half crying. "I hadn't any idea it was half so much trouble to get married; I'm all tired and worn out, too, and just think of how much more I have to go through with before the wedding! I dare say I will look positively hideous when the day arrives. Oh! dear!" and the poor, pale, little bride-elect sighed very dolefully, as she went on pinching her curl-papers.

"Couldn't you put it off a couple of weeks, Polly, and give us all a chance to recuperate meanwhile? We bridesmaids would like to look our best, too," said Kitty, demurely.

"Ask Roy Wert that question, if you dare, Kitty Wood," quickly retorted the confident fiancée. "But what are we to do, girls?" she continued, sitting down on a hassock to wait for her curl-papers to cool; "Aunt Margaret says she must go out to Germantown to stay until Tuesday, and she isn't much help to me, anyhow. I can't bear to ask the other ladies to go shopping with me any more, they have already been so kind, and I'm actually too tired out to know whether I want my tea-gown button-back, or—what," and she smiled sadly at her poor little sally.

"I'll tell you what we can do," suddenly said Katherine Derwent. "Ask Miss Dalton! She's our oracle, high priestess, factotum, she can give us hope—if not help—at any rate, I feel quite sure it will be a comfort to go to her."

"Well, let's go to her in a body—at least what is left of our poor maimed bodies—

and put the subject before her," said Kitty, springing up from the lounge. "Come, Polly, hurry on your breakfast-jacket and follow us."

Miss Dalton was in her study, busily engaged in writing an article for one of the current magazines, when the familiar little scratches of the "Kitty-Kat Club" on her door arrested her attention, and through the key-hole came a purring soft whisper.

"*Cara mia?* If you're terribly busy, never mind, but, if it isn't anything particularly particular, please admit a quartette in distress."

She immediately opened the door, and in filed the four weary girls.

"We're just dead, Miss Dalton," groaned Kitty, throwing herself down on a rug before the grate.

"Yes, and we've come to be resurrected," added Kate Grant, following Kitty's example.

"We come, we want—oh! please, Miss Dalton, tell us what to do," pleaded Polly, with tears in her eyes.

And then Miss Derwent more lucidly explained the situation in a few words.

"Why, you poor dears!" cried Miss Dalton, "you are every one of you so tired and worn-out in your chase after 'something to wear,' and wrought up to such a pitch of nervous excitement over the 'time to come' that you'll all be sick, and there will be neither marrying or giving in marriage, bride or bridesmaids, if something isn't done."

"Well, cure us, please, Dr. Dalton; we'd much rather die of something else," said Kitty, with wonder and curiosity as to what was to be prescribed, expressed in every feature.

"Well, let me think a moment," replied Miss Dalton, seating herself at her desk again. "Why, the very thing, of course! How fortunate," she cried, suddenly, picking up one of the pages of her MS.

"What!" exclaimed the four girls, in chorus.

"Listen, and let me read you what I was writing upon when you so opportunely entered:

"THE FEAST OF THE DELUGE."

"On the day after the Greek Pentecost, the 'Feast of the Deluge' is annually celebrated at Larnaca, and, if the *Cyprus Times* be correct, this is one of the most ancient feasts still perpetuated. According to this journal it is held in honor of the Syrian Venus. The Babylonians, says the *London Truth*, believed that an egg dropped down from Heaven into the Euphrates, and that some doves settled on it after the fishes had rolled it to the shore. In a short time this egg produced Venus, and to her a temple was raised in Hierapolis, where a feast was instituted in commemoration of the Deluge. The worship of Venus, together with the feast in honor of the Deluge, which was celebrated in her temple at Hierapolis, were introduced into Cyprus at one and the same time, and the feast has outlived the worship of the goddess. The festival is held on the beach, and neither mass is performed nor offerings made to any shrine. Up to a late date the custom of sprinkling each other with water and dipping each other in the sea was habitual, but this is now dying out, and the principal amusement at present is sailing and dancing in boats to the sound of the violin."

When she had finished, she glanced up at the girls. Miss Derwent's face had brightened wonderfully, and she nodded her quick, apt comprehension; Kate Grant looked puzzled; Polly was trying hard to understand, but poor Kitty was the picture of bewilderment.

"What had the 'Feast of the Deluge' and Venus, and all that queer sort of stuff to do with Polly Vane's wedding clothes?"

"Why, don't you see, you stupid little puss," said Katherine Derwent, "Miss Dalton's suggestion is health-restoring, and—"

"I mean, dear, that a few days spent

at the sea-shore just now will benefit you all so greatly that you will return fully prepared to resume your arduous duties, and therefore I propose that we imitate our Greek ancestors, and celebrate the 'Festival of the Deluge' at Atlantic City, which you know is the great mid-winter and spring-time sea-resort for people who have been prostrated and 'run down.' To-day is Thursday, we might go to-morrow and return on Monday, all made over new. Mrs. Roth and I can chaperone you, and with Captain Merritt, Dr. Wade, Paul Roth—and I suppose, Polly, you would like to have Mr. Wert accompany us—we will be a merry party."

Any plan of Miss Dalton's rarely found dissenters, therefore, early on the following day, a batch of new arrivals registered themselves at the Hotel Brighton, Atlantic City.

It was gay and delightful down by that beautiful city by the sea. The sun shone brilliant and clear, the air was both crisp and balmy, the wide boardwalk was full of pedestrians, children played down on the sands, and carriages bowled along the ocean-drive that stretches its broad, white length beside the waves.

In the ocean pier parlor cheerful fires burned for those who dared not breathe the out-door air; but through the long glass windows the sparkling waters and shining sands made a pretty background for the panoramic pictures that passed and re-passed down on the shore. A visit to the Lighthouse, from whence a view of the whole Jersey coast can be seen—Cape May toward the south; northeast, Barnegat light, while Ocean City and intermediate resorts are plainly to be seen on clearer days. A drive to South Atlantic beach, to "see the elephant," which looms up a dark silhouette on the blue and white background of sky and sand long before one reaches his majesty, was one of the party's afternoon projects, and a hop in the evening ended the day's festivities.

But, alas! the morning dawned dark

and dismal; by noon a pouring rain fell, obscuring even the sea, which roared and boomed through the fog, and it was a "Festival of the Deluge" indeed!

"We might have known it would rain, celebrating such a period!" cried Kitty Wood, petulantly, trying to peer through the mist that enveloped the landscape.

"But you have a rain-beau apiece, and that is more than the deluge produced," said Miss Dalton, as the four gentlemen came in from the smoking-room.

"What shall we do to be happy?" asked Captain Merritt, seeing Kitty's rueful face at the window.

"We might have a game of cards," answered Mrs. Roth, who was fond of a rubber of whist. "There are two tables of us, not counting the engagées," with a glance at the lovers.

Kitty made a grimace; she detested whist.

"I'm a very poor hand—" began the Captain, coming to her rescue.

"Oh! let's see," cried Kitty, putting out her hand and taking his, and turning it palm upward, "look, Miss Dalton, has he a 'poor hand?' She can read hands, Captain, and I propose we have a séance of palmistry, it will be just the thing to kill time; it's awfully thrilling and interesting, hearing all about yourself and your friends; come, Miss Dalton, begin with the Captain."

"With his permission only," replied Miss Dalton, smiling at Kitty's urgent request.

"Do you really mean to say that you can read anything in my hand, Miss Dalton?" asked Captain Merritt, looking a little incredulous.

"I can read your character."

"Impossible—not possible?" corrected the Captain, more politely, by putting the interrogative tone in his voice.

"Let her prove it, Captain."

"Test her powers that be."

"We await developments," chimed in the others, gathering around Miss Dalton's chair.

The Captain seated himself before her, and extended both hands bravely.

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," said he.

Miss Dalton looked very earnest in the matter. She first examined both hands very carefully, the size, shape, and general characteristics, then compared them, the left with the right, felt the texture, or "feeling" of each, looked at the lines, mounts, and the thumb, then read, from the left hand particularly, although she frequently consulted the right one, as corroborative.

"Your hand, Captain, is of the Jupiterian type, ambitious, commanding, upright, brave; Mars, well developed; fingers not noticeably long—the soldier's hand—your life line is double, indicating a long, strong lease of life, in which you will be well able to battle for your rights. Head line, long, clear, well defined, which, with other combinations which I see, denotes a strong will and clear, level head, force of character, executive ability, and quick intelligence. Heart line strongly marked, you are a firm friend, tenacious in your affection, a little exacting and inclined to jealousy, perhaps, but you give as generously as you would wish to receive, and are steadfast and true, and such characters can afford to be exacting. Your line of fortune, well marked in right hand, not so clearly in left hand, showing your good fortune will be rather through honest, earnest endeavor and ability to succeed than sheer 'good luck.' You will love and marry once only, and make an exacting but a kind, good husband, and be very happy in your marriage."

"Well?" came the breathless chorus of interrogation, when Miss Dalton finished, all looking at the Captain for his opinion of the reading.

"As far as I know myself, every word correct, only Miss Dalton has been too kindly flattering. She read good character only. Have I no faults?" and he opened his palm once more.

"You are proud, exacting, overbearing, selfish—"

"There! there! there! that will do, Miss Dalton, I cry enough."

"Now, Polly, let's hear your fortune," cried Kitty, pulling the somewhat unwilling subject over toward Miss Dalton's chair.

"Oh! but remember, my dear, I do not allow it called 'fortune telling,' it is nothing of the sort," corrected Miss Dalton, with warmth. "I do *not* prognosticate, I simply read character."

"It seems to me," said Dr. Wade, who had appeared deeply interested in Miss Dalton's reading, "it seems to me palmistry outdoes phrenology or physiognomy in one regard. It is possible to conceal the shape of one's cranium, and one can train, or control one's features into dissembling, but one's hand holds one's heart quite open for the 'Danes.' What, pray, do you see in mine, Miss Dalton? I would like to know something more of this new science."

Miss Dalton took his opened hands in hers.

"I see a very different type. Yours belongs to the Saturnian class, wise, prudent, calculating, serious, thoughtful; these knotty fingers denote a philosophical turn of mind, and a love of law and order; you reason out everything, and accept very little without absolute proof. Your head line extends beyond the middle of the palm, indicating a brain of higher order than ordinary, with an eye to your own interest always. Your heart line is fairly marked, you will never love any one unreasonably, but you will be faithful and true should you ever marry. A bachelor's life will suit you best, as you are of a scientific turn of mind, and, you know, philosophy and love do not assimilate! Your life line is weak; you must be careful not to overwork, Doctor, as you are not able to endure physically what you might mentally. You are a good friend, and a relentless enemy. You will marry once—if at all!"

"How near has she struck you, Doctor?" asked the Captain, when the girls' merry laughter had subsided. They had always declared the Doctor was a "bachelor born."

"Perfectly correct. It is remarkable. I shall certainly have to study up in palmistry, in order to read my patients' hands as well as feel their pulse. Is it an art or a science, Miss Dalton?"

"Both, I think," answered Miss Dalton, smiling. "It is an 'art' to read people's characters without giving offense, sometimes. But, really, I believe 'palmistry'—the Latin, you know, 'palma,' with its suffix, indicates it as the 'Science of one skilled in the palm.' It is divided into two branches, chiromnomy and chiromancy, one the law of the hand, fingers, etc., the other the divination of the hand by its various lines and mounts. In order to read character correctly, it is necessary to thoroughly study both branches, and then make a 'combination,' otherwise it is possible to make grave mistakes. You cannot judge a man's nature, or 'read his character' by any one individual line or mount or cross or star, its strength, weakness, or prominence, you must be sufficiently master of your 'science' to make clear comparisons, weigh one *bad* indication against another *good* one, and then combine the whole 'sum up,' as it were."

"A la Buttercup, she 'mixes us up'!" laughed the Captain. "Now, Miss Kitty," he continued, catching her little white hand and turning up the warm, pink palm. "It is your turn."

"Oh! Miss Dalton settled me long ago; I assure you she 'gave me a character,' said I was willful, and capricious, and selfish, and a flirt! Imagine! Me!" and Kitty "made eyes" in the most barefaced manner at the Captain, who felt their dangerous darts clear to his heart.

"Kitty! Kitty! I shall have to add 'untruthful,' as well, to the list, if you persist in misquoting my reading of your

VOL. LIX.—36.

enthusiastic, loving, warm-hearted character."

"Will she marry and make a good wife, Miss Dalton?" asked the Captain, folding up Kitty's left hand into a little, round, dimpled fist, and consulting the delicate little lines running along the side, as he had noticed Miss Dalton did.

"Half a dozen times," declared Kitty.

"Yes, Kitty has the very kind of a thumb to make an affectionate, docile, devoted wife for an exacting, strong-willed, jealous husband."

Miss Dalton looked squarely in the Captain's face as she answered. It quite satisfied him, for he gave the soft, little hand a warm pressure before he released it, and said, half under his breath:

"I am quite sure she will."

"Thumb!" echoed Mr. Wert, laughing, and coming closer now, and producing Polly's delicate, smooth, short, little thumb.

"Is Polly's the correct thing? you quite alarmed me lest it should not be, and it is wisest to be prepared for the worst. Polly, present thumbs. Is it all right, Miss Dalton?"

"Let me see *yours* first."

Mr. Wert gave her his hand. It was of an honest, fair, square, realistic type, showing great positivism, regularity, order, and with a huge, long, square thumb, proving beyond a doubt that his conclusions, once arrived at, would be indisputable and unalterable.

"Yes," said Miss Dalton, smiling, "exactly the right kind—for you."

"Thanks, awfully, the suspense was quite thrilling, I assure you. Now, Polly, nothing can separate us," and he drew her little hand through his arm very tenderly.

"But what, pray, has 'thumbs' to do with the matter?" asked Dr. Wade, examining his own knotty, long, philosophic member.

"Very much; the thumb—*POLLUX*, you know, powerful—is the strongest of all the

fingers, and is consequently considered by chiromanists as representing the greatest power of the brain or will; you recollect in olden times, they cut off a man's thumbs in order to deprive him of a part of his strength. In the Roman gladiatorial contests, it was 'thumbs up' or 'thumbs down' that decided the fate of the conquered. The Chinese ask for no more conclusive proof of individual identity than the imprint of the ball of the thumb."

"And 'Simon' said 'thumbs up,' you remember," laughed Mrs. Roth.

"Yes, and I dare say Mrs. Simon obeyed, or there was trouble in that household. In matrimony, a long thumb on the one party should be united with a short thumb on the other—the former indicates will-power, the latter submission. Two long thumbs will rarely live together harmoniously, and in the case of two short thumbs uniting, each, for lack of decision and will-power, will be apt to defer to the other so entirely that very little progress will be the result."

"And that is just where the mother-in-law comes in, you see," said Mrs. Roth. "Now, dear Miss Dalton," she continued, "if you're not all tired out, would you mind reading Paul's hand? I should so like to know if your reading of his character coincides with mine; a mother is prejudiced, to be sure, but I am open to conviction."

"Certainly, with pleasure, Mrs. Roth. Come, Mr. Paul, let me see what these fingers can do beside play the mandolin. Ah!" she said, as Paul extended a long, slender symmetrical hand, with rather small palm, smooth, conical fingers, and delicate thumb, "here is the hand of the poet and artist, impressionable, sensitive to a peculiar extent. See the fine quality of the mounts, especially that of Apollo, under the third finger, with the two lines beneath, showing versatility of talent. The head line sweeping off with a clear line curving downward toward the mount of the moon,

imagination, fancy, romance; your heart is ruled by the emotions, you will love without rule or reason, and yet I see a counterbalancing in that, for you have the religious element, which will cause you to be conscientious—if not cautious—in your desires; you have the line of constancy, but just here," and she indicated the outer curve of the hand, "you need a little more show of the field of Mars; there is not quite 'fight' enough in your 'make-up.' Like Keats, you would die of the critics. Your higher moral qualities should give you more courage. You have unusual mental powers and artistic ability, and I should say, with a little more cultivation of 'bravado' will succeed in most any line, particularly any intellectual pursuit."

"Well, Miss Dalton, that is a 'flattering tale' to tell a hopeful boy," said his mother, smiling.

"Does it coincide with your reading?" asked Miss Dalton.

"Yes, Paul is all you say. I always have wished he had a little more of—of the 'plain of Mars,' as you call it."

"He must look out for all he needs in the feminine thumb, you know," said Dr. Wade. "Which are the main lines in this railway of character, Miss Dalton?" he continued, opening his hand again and studying its palm.

"Each hand contains these three principal lines," replied Miss Dalton, pointing to the letter M to be found in all hands. "The line of life, that winding the thumb; the line of the head, the middle line crossing the palm, and the line of the heart, which is the upper line curving beneath the fingers. There are other lines as well to be considered in reference to these three. Each finger, with its accompanying mount and stars and triangles, denotes some quality. The fingers are severally named. Jupiter, the index finger, then Saturn, Apollo, Mercury, and the thumb Venus. The rest of the science cannot be explained in a

morning; it needs close study and considerable practice to be able to read the hand correctly and wisely."

"Thank you very much, Miss Dalton," said Dr. Wade, warmly; "you have deeply interested me, and I am quite determined to add to my medical library the works of D'arpentigny and Desbarrolles."

"O girls!" cried Kitty Wood, rushing in from the piazza, where she had gone out for "a turn" with the Captain, "the clouds are breaking away, the sun is coming out, and the 'Festival of the Deluge' is over!"

"No. Just begun in earnest, for now we will go down to the shore and 'sprinkle each other with water,'" said the Doctor; "but I must say we have been highly entertained during our incarceration in the Ark, thanks to you, Miss Dalton."

"And if there is now dry land for the soles of our feet, I propose that we 'go forth, two and two, male and female,'" said Captain Merritt, taking possession of Kitty again, who had vanished and quickly returned, radiant in her red ulster and coquettish hat.

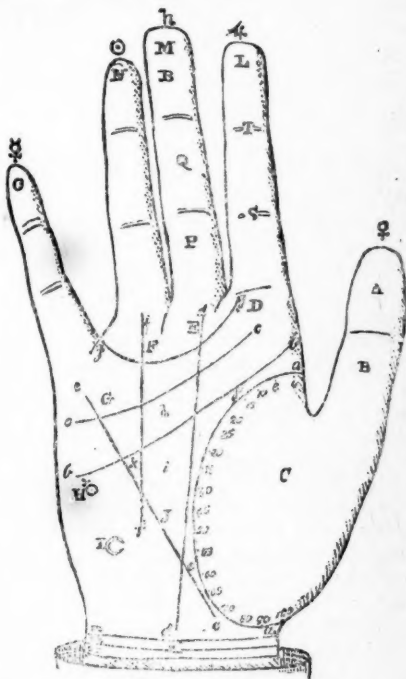
The sun soon penetrated the clouds, and poured down warm rays, with that delicious sense of balminess only to be found off the coast at Atlantic City in the early spring months. Guests came out upon the boardwalk, and again the city by the sea was once more alive and out-of-doors.

"Miss Dalton," said the Doctor, confidentially, as he joined her under the huge red sun umbrella, where she had seated herself on the sands, "I am interested in your study of palmistry, what can I read on the subject in order to learn more?"

Miss Dalton drew from her pocket a little chart of the hand.

"Study this," said she, and read the works of D'arpentigny and Desbarrolles *carefully*, and you will then be able to read your patients' characters as well as diseases."

The Doctor thanked her warmly and was soon deep in the mysteries of the following map of the hand.



MOUNTS, LINES, SPACES, ETC., OF THE HAND.

- C Mount of Venus.
- D Mount of Jupiter.
- E Mount of Saturn.
- F Mount of Apollo (the Sun).
- G Mount of Mercury.
- H Mount of Mars.
- I Mount of the Moon.
- J Plain of Mars.
- a a Line of Life.
- b b Line of the Head.
- c c Line of the Heart.
- d d Line of Saturn, or Fate.
- e e Line of the Liver.
- f f Line of Apollo, or Fortune.
- g g Ring of Venus.
- h The Quadrangle.
- i The Triangle.
- j The Upper Angle.
- k The Inner Angle.
- m m m The Rascettes, or Bracelets:

AUGUSTA DEBUNA.

MOTHERS.

TAKING A CITY.

"O MOTHER! I've taken a city! I've taken a city!"

It was the voice of brother Tom rushing into the kitchen where mother was "doing peaches," and followed by the rest of us, a wondering crowd, looking about in astonishment, as if expecting to see the towers and steeples and dazzling show-windows of the city Tom said he had taken.

We had been playing stage-coach in the back yard, and Tom and little Ned both wanted to be driver. Tom had ingeniously constructed the coach from dry-goods boxes, and harnessed up the prancing saw-horses with a wool-twine harness, and claimed the proprietorship by right of discovery, while little Ned was no less obstinate in defending his claim on the ground that Tom had all the fun of fixing it.

We lady passengers (one little girl and several dollies) said "For shame! Tom was older, and ought to give up to Ned," but secretly we thought that Tom's long legs, dangling down from the driver's seat, looked much grander than Ned's little fat ones sticking out parallel with the horses' backs, and we admired the way Tom would flourish the long-lashed whip over the dancing steeds, and call out whoa! when we arrived at the station, and then leap down so nimbly to open the shawl door, and politely hand us out with our numerous family.

We knew clumsy Ned could do none of these things half so well, and we wished he would climb into the coach with three-year-old Johnnie and ourselves, instead of lying on the ground kicking and yelling in that unpassenger-like way.

We had just been informed by our driver that we were passing over the most difficult part of the road, and the numerous orders of "ca—a—reful," and "stiddy, boys," assured us we were being carried in safety, when Tom suddenly leaped down

from his high seat, threw down the wool-twine lines with the words:

"Here, Ned, you may drive if you want to; shall I help you into the seat?"

Ned, in open-mouthed astonishment, still remaining on the ground, Tom rushed into the kitchen with the amazing assertion that he had taken a city.

"Why, Tommy, what do you mean?" said mother, quite puzzled, and in her surprise dropping a peach-pit into the dish of "soft ones" for tea, instead of the basket of pits by her side. "I am afraid my little boy is learning to tell extravagant stories."

"Why, mother, don't you know?" exclaimed Tom; "you read to us, from the Bible, the other day, that 'he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city,' and you said, 'ruleth his spirit' meant not to get angry, and to give up our wishes for other people. Now, I got mad at Ned because he wanted to drive and wouldn't get into the stage-coach with the rest of the passengers, but lay on the ground kicking and yelling when the stage was going by; and then I thought of the 'city' and the mad all went away, and I jumped down and gave Ned the seat, and so I have 'taken a city.'"

Mother smiled and commended Tom for his unselfishness. She did not correct his term, and after that, whenever disputes arose about our play, the one who was first to give up claimed the honor of "taking a city," and we all felt a pride in seeing who could take the most of them.

The rival drivers and the anxious passengers have grown much older than they were in the stage-coach days. We may feel that in life's battles we have taken many strong cities, and perhaps, alas! let some cities take us; but never has there been more genuine earnestness in the strife, more thorough giving up of self for others, than in those childhood days when we "took the cities" with brother Tom.

ADA SIMPSON SHERWOOD.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE TREE FROG AND THE TERRAPIN.

"YES, honeys, I gwine to tell you all anodah tale dis bery houah, so don't be so onpatience. Aunt Ria is mighty glad to see you depreciate all de tales she kin tell you, kase she allus tries to mek you understan' somethin' with lahnin' by 'em, but I allus likes to see you ac' like ladies an' gemmans, not so tempestu's like.

"One fine day in de summah time a tree frog was hoppin' roun' on a willy tree lyin' down by de spring. 'Peahed like he wus so happy he wus jes' ready to bus' wide open, so he fills his little bellows (you know dey has one unnah der chin), wid aiah, an' den a-settin' cross legged away up on de highes' lim' he sings:

"O de day am berry bright and faih,
An why should I gib way to ca-ah? (care)
De milin hangs upon de vine,
De grapes is glowin' red as wine,
De watah spa'kles in de spring,
An' my troo lub has bid me sing.
So c-r-a-k a merry oh!
So c-r-a-k a merry oh!
I sheds no teahs for odeh's woe,
An' ax no sighs foh none ob mine.
I takes de froot as it sprout on de vine,
I don't keer whedeh it rain or shine."

"An' while he was a-singin' ob dis de tarrapin came pokin' along.

"Ah, ha!" said de tarrapin. 'Jes' lissen at dat mizable, 'sultin creetur, he's jes' done sing dat song kase he seed me a-comin', an' thought he'd spite me. Dah he sits, high an' dry a-ta'ntin' ob me kase he knows I boun' to crawl along on de groun' to de end ob my days, a-pokin my nose into all de mud dat comes along. Ef I could on'y clim' a tree spry like he kin, he'd nebah a-thought ob dat ag'avatin' song."

"Den de tree frog laugh fit to kill hisse'f, an' den he imply: 'You foolish ol' thing, you! you mus' t'ink de sun set an' de moon rise jes' for you. I 'clah foh gracious I nebah seed you a-comin' at all. Wasn't eben thinkin' 'bout you, nuddeh. I don't see, dough, why you shouldn' be satisfied wid yoh lot. Ef I'd

been made to lib on de groun' all de time I don't specs I'd made no implaint. Dah's plenty ob good places you kin pick to trabel on if you choose; yoh's not 'bliged to go into all de mud yoh kin rescoveh. Dah's heaps ob sunny places an' sweet flowehs, an' green grass, an' all dat you kin hab de use ob; an' den when de stohm come, an' de win' howls, an' de lightalin' flesh cross de hevins, an de thundeh roah an' boom, tell seem like it fill de whole universal—an' de clouds try to impeat de flood—why, den, whiles I's a-tryin' to scrouch undeh a leaf, an' hide my eyes wid hol'in' my han' obeh 'em, you has a house you kin go into, an' shet down de blin's, an' go to sleep ef you feels reposed, an' nebah know no mo' 'bout de stohm dan dough you nebeh been bohned."

"But de tarrapin hunch his shoulders an' say, 'Humph! all berry well foh you to talk dat away, you dat kin go on de groun', or in de tree, eideh one! You jes' tryin' foh to keep me down. You wouldn't gib me a lif' to help me betteh myse'f if you could. You feahed I mout git eben wid you. Talk 'bout my house I kin go into! A clumsy ol' shell I has to tote on my po' back foheveh! No matteh 'bout how faih de day, noh how I wants a rest, that house has got to be toted by main strength all de time. I wish you'd shet up. You's nothin' but a young frisk anyhow, a tryin' to teach yoh granny to lap ashes."

"Jes den a big kitty-did come a-skippin' along.

"Howdy, Mistah Tarrapin," says she, 'am not de summeh mos' sniptious. De froot on de tree am so sweet, an' de cloveh so tendeh! Hei, dah, Mistah Tree Frog,' she calls, a-ketchin' a sight ob him a dodgin' among de lim's, 'what ye 'bout up dah?"

"Oh! I jes' joyin' myse'f, same as us'al. I's comin' now to git a dram outen dat watah what goes a tin-kle-in', a tin-kle-in' along down yondeh in its bed, an' down he swing hisse'f jes as supple an' gracious

as a young dancin' mahstah. He takes a deep draf' of de watah, den de kitty-did mark:

"You's mighty spry an' easy-like in yoh movin', Mistah Tree Frog, but I 'low I kin keep up wid you in a race up dat 'simmon tree."

"Done!" says de tree frog, 'you'll hev to min' yoh eye mighty sharp, or you'll git lef', sho.'

"De tarrapin 'gin to whine: 'Now, dat am not faiah! Jes' lissen at dem on-feelin' creeturs—disposin' a race up a tree when dey knows I can't onpossibly jine 'em. Why couldn't you hev a race on de groun' so I could repeat wid you?'"

"Wouldn't be no fun in dat foh us,' dey bof says.

"Well, s'pose it wasn't? Aint you had no raisin' to gib up yoh own se'fish way foh odeh people's 'joyment sometimes? 'Simmon tree?' says de tarrapin, 'aint dat a froot tree?'"

"Yes,' says de tree frog, 'but de froot am not good at dis presin' time. It am bery green, an' mout be puckery.'

"Oh! yes, I seed you winkin' at Miss Kitty-did. You knowed you wusn't tellin' a straight tale. De froot am good, an' you's jes tryin' to fool me, an' mek me intended to stay heah a-grobelin' on de groun', while you goes up de tree an' gits yoh full ob de nice sweet 'simmons. Tell you what! I bets you ef you jes' would help me a little to git up in de tree, I could keep eben wid you mountin' de branches. Do help me jes' a little, won't you, please? I do 'spiah to betteh things than my presen' down-trod sitevation. I feels like hahd i'on fate is a-grippin' ob me, a-grindin' ob me into de mud. I feels it in de roof ob my shell right now—dat I's bohn foh a highah speah."

"I's mighty feahed you's 'stakened, ol' man,' says de tree frog, 'but nebe'the mo', I's willin' to help you all I kin. But you see, I's a little fellow, an' Miss Kitty-did, heah, is eben smalleh dan I. We's not strong nuff to tote you, noh to shobe you; but, hol' on, I sees a frien' a comin', maybe he'll gib you a lif'. Hello, dah, Mistah Squir'l, am dat you?'"

"Who else, you spec'?" says de squir'l, grinnin'.

"Say, does you feel right strong to-day? like you could tote Mistah Tarrapin up de 'simmon tree?"

"Whew!" whistles de squir'l. 'What in de name ob de hollow-tree does he want to go up dah foh? He fall down an' kill hisse'f, sho. Yes, I reckon I kin do it, dough, ef he insihs me to.'

"No, I wont fall, niddeh,' speaks up de tarrapin. 'You's not got much mo' sense dan de res' ob 'em. I reckon I got han's to hol' on de lim's wid well 's de balance on you. I's tihed ob dese low groun's. I wants a higheh 'sition.'

"You shell hev it,' answer de squir'l, bery polite, 'ef I kin 'sis' you. Now I reckon de bes' way be foh you to clas' yoh han's tight togedeh, an' I tek hol' ob dem an pull you up—whiles you, my frien's, tuhnin' to de tree frog an' kitty-did, 'sis' me wid a shobe in de reah now an' den ef you kin.'

"Mos' happy,' says dey.

"I 'grees,' says de tarrapin, 'an' I's 'bliged to you besides. I 'gins to feel like I's gwine to be somebody—a ready.'

"One, two, free,' says de squir'l, 'an' away we go!"

"O chilluns! I boun' you'd a laugh heahy ef you could a seed dat sight amobin' up de tree. De squir'l fus, a-holdin' on to de tarrapin's paws wid he mouf an' one paw, a-pullin' fit to kill hisse'f, an' de tarrapin a-scrabblin' wid his hin' legs—wid all his might tryin' foh to help mattehs along—de tree frog on one side ob him a-pushin' an' de kitty-did on de odeh a-doin' likewise. At las' dey reach a lim'.

"Dah you is, now,' says de squir'l, all outen bref.

"Wait,' squeals de tarrapin; 'hol' on to me one minit; I feels dizzy like, but I'll be all right presen'ly.'

"De squir'l hol' on; den de tarrapin say:

"Dah's all right now,' so all dem what can hop goes a-swingin' an' a-playin' up in de lim'ses a-hevin' a gay time.

"De tarrapin draw a monst'ous long bref. 'Oh! how I does feel! I's on de high mount ob my imbition. Now I grobels no mo'. I's free an' ek'al to anybody. I eats de froot from de tree-branches deihselves, widout habin' to wait foh it to git so rotten ripe dat it falls,' an' wid dat he reaches out an' grabs a 'simmon an' puts it in his mouf. 'Well, I does think in de tip ob my yeah, what soht ob froot is dis yer? O-o-h! a-a-h! my mouf's all drawn up to nuffin'. Oh! murdah! I shell die; dey's done p'isen dis 'simmon puppose to kill me.'

"Now, you know, chilluns, dat 'simmons aint fittin' foh to eat tell arteh six heavy frostes at least, an' dis was on'y de las' ob August, so no wondeh dey shribel his mouf up, foh deys onmassiful puckery. His mouf kep' a-drawin' up mo' an' mo', tell he couldn't say a wohd—not eben whispah. He mos' 'gin to wish he stayed where he wus, but he think it obeh, an' say to hisse'f, 'Well, de froot am a failuhe, but de tree am not. I'll jes' clim' up on a higheh branch.'

"So he 'gins to tuhn about, but he so dretful clumsy, you know, he don' know how on yearth he gwine to do it. He stick he claws into de bahk like a good fellow to keep from fallin'. By dis time his mouf 'gin to feel a little bettah, an' de tree frog hollow down from de top ob de tree:

"How you done like it, Mistah Tarra-pin?"

"Oh! fine, fine. I feels like de maw-in' stah. I an't satisfactory, dough, tell I comes up whah you is."

"Oh! you bettah stay dah; you sholy fall an' break yo' neck."

"Humph! you's chock full ob jealous; you is feahed I'll be as high as you. I'd be 'shamed ob sech se'fishness, foh my paht."

"So he went on a-inchin' along, tell he got up on de nex' lim', when, ah! eh! mos' turrible! he los' he holt, an' down he went—ker-chunk! onto a rock undeh de tree. Po' dissatisfied creetur! his po' shell bus' in de back, an' he wus a miz'able invalid all de summeh, an' he died in de fall.

"Honeys, po' Ria an't got no book lahnin'. She couldn't tell Z from zed not to save her po' life, but I's seen many things in my day, an' many a time I's seen puasons like de tarrapin whut wasn't satisfied wid deih 'sition dey wus in, but would keep a-stribin' arteh some odeh, dat dey wusn't no mo' fittin' to go in dan de tarrapin wus in de tree.

"An', oh! I's seen de same miz'able failuhs by deih foolhahdness, too.

"So look out, chilluns. Stribe foh higheh 'sitions ef you kin fill 'em right when you gits dar, but don't ruin yoh libes a-clim'in' a laddeh dat you can't hang onto, a-tryin' to be somethin' you is not, an' nebber kin be, ef you should libe as long as 'Thus'lah."

CORA A. LEWIS.

DAISY'S MISHAPS.

"OH! dear, this has been the worst day. Mamma says she don't know of a naughtier girl than me. If you will listen for a little while, I will tell you all about it.

"My name is Daisy Blake and I am seven. I have two brothers; one is a baby ten months old, the dearest darling in the world, who laughs and coos so cutely. He tries so hard to talk, but nobody can understand him. Only the angels do that, I guess. The other is a big boy named Bob, who is fourteen, and thinks he knows everything. Then there is Papa and Mamma, Grandma, and Grandpa, Nurse, Jane the cook, and Susan the up-stairs girl. I forgot to tell you how I look. I have long brown curls, brown eyes, and rosy cheeks, and am quite plump. The first thing I did this morning was to go to sleep after Nurse called me, and then I had to hurry so, when she called me the second time, for fear I would be late to breakfast, I put my stockings on wrong-side out, and of course I had to change them. My shoes wouldn't stay buttoned—oh! it was horrid, everything went wrong. Nurse nearly pulled my hair out by the roots, combing it, it was so tangled, and then it had to be curled. She said it took her twice as long as it generally did, I fidgeted so. When I got down to the table, they were eating, and Papa said:

"Good morning, little daughter, what makes you so late?"

"I said I didn't know, except Nurse fussed over my hair so, that I couldn't get down sooner. I was so busy getting into my chair that I never said good morning to any one, so pretty soon Grandpa looked over his specs, and said:

"Where's my pet's good morning, does anybody know?"

"I muttered I did wish people would let me alone, I was tired saying good morning. Then Bob hollered out:

"Oh! oh! somebody's got out of the wrong side of the bed."

"I said, awful cross, 'Bob Blake, you know I always sleep on the right side of the bed, and I never got out the wrong side of the bed in my life.' I flounced around in my chair so hard after saying this that my elbow knocked over my cup of milk, and sent it all over the table and Mamma's dress. Papa said sternly:

" 'Daisy, leave the table!'

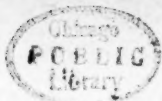
"I knew that meant nothing but cold bread and milk for breakfast, so when I left the room I shut the door pretty hard, but Papa called me back and made me open and shut it again. You know I go to the kindergarten, and we make mats, baskets, and all sorts of things out of different colored paper, and we sing and play games. A little girl next to me was making a lovely basket out of pink and light-brown paper, and I wanted to make one like it, but, of course, there wasn't enough of pink, and I had to take green instead. That made me awful cross, and I acted so naughty all day that teacher gave me a bad card when school was out. You know we get conduct cards every day. I tore mine up coming home, but I needn't have taken all that trouble, because Mamma never asked to see it at all. She only said, 'Daisy, come and amuse Baby; Nurse had to go home to-day, her mother was sick.' Generally I like to play with Baby, he is so cunning, but I felt naughty, because I had been planning to spend the afternoon with Nettie Brown. I promised her I would, and she was going to show me her dress for Kitty Bell's party. I didn't play a bit nicely; I twitched and pulled him around so that after awhile he began to cry; and then I tried everything to make him stop, but he wouldn't, and pretty soon Mamma came and sent me down-stairs. I thought I would go down in the library and read, but when I opened the door, I saw on the mantle-piece the beautiful vase Uncle Charley brought Papa from Europe. Papa had told me never to touch it, but I wanted to know how heavy it was, and I forgot, and lifted it up; but it was heavier than I thought, and it slipped right out of my hands on the floor, and smashed all to pieces. Oh! how frightened I was, I shook all over. Bob came in just then, and when he saw what I had done, he said, 'You naughty girl, to touch that, when Papa told you not; won't you catch it? I am glad I don't stand in your shoes, miss.' Mamma heard him up-stairs, he spoke so loud, and she called Susan in to watch Baby, and came down to see what the matter was. When she saw the vase, she told Bob to pick up the pieces and put them in one of the drawers of the

bookcase, and then she took me by the hand and led me up-stairs to my room; then taking my night-dress out of the closet, Mamma undressed me and put me to bed. She never said a word, only looked so sad and grieved. After awhile Mamma said, as a punishment for disobeying, that I would have to stay in bed until the next morning, and only have bread and water for my supper; and also that I couldn't go to Kitty Bell's party. Mamma talked a long time with me about my being naughty, and I felt so bad I cried. I told her all about school. She asked me if I had said my prayers in the morning, and then I remembered I hadn't; and I said, 'No, ma'am, I forgot them.' Mamma said, 'No wonder I had been so naughty all day, and that I had better ask God to make me a better girl. So I did ask Him, and I am sure He will, and I am going to try never, never to have such a bad day again.'

CLARA BETTS.

DOUBTS. There is a common mistake that people fall into in supposing that to have any doubts, even in one's own mind, on what some one may say is equivalent to accusing him of untruth or insincerity. Nothing could be more fallacious. Thousands of honest mistakes are made—under-statements, over-statements, and misstatements—by sincere and truth-loving people. To make due allowance for this probability and for the influence of prejudice, or a one-sidedness which is as unconscious as it is habitual, is very different from casting any slur on the speaker's candor. The wise man knows that he, too, is in similar danger, and will examine and test his own motives and thoughts with even more scrutiny than he uses to those of others.

THERE is no more important factor in individual success than good manners, for it is not in human nature not to prefer a pleasant to an unpleasant person. But for manners to be truly good they must be habitual, the expression of a courteous mind, and must be universal—not kept for "company," but for home use every hour in the day.



HOME CIRCLE.

MOLLIE'S HARVEST.

MOLLIE MOORE wanted a little spending-money badly, but how was she to get it, as there wasn't much a young girl could do in the small village in which she lived to earn money.

Mollie's parents were hard-working and economical, but nobody "got rich" very fast in sleepy old "Contentburg."

One day, while waiting at the post-office, she heard some one inquire for pop-corn at the "store department," and the postmaster's wife's reply which set her to thinking and planning right there to "go straight home and prepare to plant pop-corn," at least four long rows, as it wasn't too late to plant it.

The mother wanted part of the ground for beets and onions, though not really needing it, and said, "I wouldn't bother, Mollie. Few people want pop-corn," but Mollie urged the point, thinking of—

"We haven't any pop-corn, but we have nuts in plenty. Strange, isn't it, how crazy some folks are after pop-corn. If we had it, we could sell it for a good price, at least get five cents for two good full ears, it's so scarce."

Mollie's father indulgently prepared the ground, and she had good seed, and a distant cousin mailed her some red and speckled varieties, also rice pop-corn, and then there were some neatly-made hills, and one sunset papa counted five lengthy rows of pop-corn hills.

The warm spring rains soon sprouted the seed, tiny corn blades showed above the ground, but, alas! the weeds showed their faces, too, as it's a way they have of growing faster, and in a greater quantity than the good and valuable grains and vegetables, fruits, and flowers.

"Mother, the weeds fairly laugh at me; it does seem as if they will just choke out my beautiful corn," said Mollie, one hot day, when the weeds seemed to almost grow so that she could see their growth. Mollie's corn survived the perils that threaten such crops, and the young girl's

heart was gladdened every day when she looked out at her growing corn.

She grew to love it, because it was her very own, and the fruit of her own labor.

The broad, crisp, green blades, when stirred by the light winds, had a music never before heard. From her own small white bed she looked out through the window on moonlight nights, thinking, "My corn looks just like rows of tall, straight soldiers."

Fortunately Mollie's corn was not storm-beaten, the cattle did not break into the garden once during the summer, though old "Prince" and "Dobbin" looked often and wistfully in that direction, giving low, pleading whinnys when Mollie came around, knowing that she brought them many a choice treat, which was duly appreciated by the two faithful, well-behaved family horses, but green corn was not for them.

One mellow fall day, Mollie's corn was ready for the gathering, and never was a harvest more carefully gathered.

The season had been a good one; there were few blighted ears, though, as might be expected, there were some nubbins in that goodly-sized heap of ears. Mollie husked the corn at her leisure, and dried it in the big garret at home; then, with anxious heart, hied to the "store" to find a market for her wares, half expecting to be told "there was no demand," when, to her great joy, the good postmaster said:

"Oh! yes, bring on your pop-corn, and, Mollie, if you pop a little and put it in paper bags and stir in a little warm sugar, it will bring you more than I can pay you for the plain ears. It does seem as if the children, and even the grown folks, will buy popped corn. Sells better than peanuts. Looks funny to see a strong, burly man come in and ask for popped corn, but 'pears as if it's nateral for folks to want to be nibblin' or chewin' between meals. They will do it, though the doctors keep tellin' 'em it isn't healthy."

"Our Mollie 'll never eat idle bread, wife, as that pop-corn business shows," said papa Moore, proudly.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

A BITTER LESSON.

"CHARLES, Charles, wake up and hold baby, while I dress. Something must ail him to cry so."

The young wife shook her husband by the shoulder as she spoke, and he turned sleepily over. He had worked hard all day, and his slumber was heavy.

"He's always squalling, Mary," he grumbled crossly, as his eyes and ears became fully open to what was going on about him.

"It's nothing, only that he knows that by screeching he can make you get up with him," he prepared to turn over and leave the screaming baby to his fate. "Lie down and make him understand that he has to do the same."

He did not mean to be a cruel man, but he had never been used to babies, and had little sympathy with their infantile aches and pains, thinking that the cries which were the result of them were mere exhibitions of "spunk," or a well-concerted infantile plan to bend its nurses to its small wishes.

If babies are half as wise in this direction as they are credited with being, they surely outdo their elders in wisdom.

"But see, Charles, how the poor little fellow is drawing up his legs—he is surely suffering severely."

"Give him a drop or two of paregoric, then."

"But how can I, unless you hold him while I prepare it?"

The father unwillingly raised up in bed and took the struggling child in his arms.

"Here, you youngster, stop this!" he said, sharply.

The mother slipped on a dressing gown, and hurriedly put her feet into a pair of warm bedroom slippers before she hastened away for the medicine.

"All he wants is to wheedle you into carrying him," he continued, as she reappeared, spoon and bottle in hand. "If you would just let me spank him once he'd lie down all right."

"O Charles! how can you? I'd rather walk the floor with him all night than

have his tender flesh touched in anger." Tears of indignation stood in her eyes, and she dropped the medicine with a trembling hand.

"Of course, you would. That's the way with all you women, and you'll let a squalling baby rule you and make you a perfect slave to its whims. My mother, now"—but Mary had taken the little one from the arms of its grumbling parent, and without waiting to hear what "my mother" had or had not done, hurried out to the fire to administer the cordial, and soothe, if possible, the crying baby.

"There, love. There mamma's own darling baby," she whispered in the little ear, as she nestled the child down on her shoulder and began to pace the floor with him.

She succeeded in getting him in an easy position for a few moments, and the cries ceased, and the tired little eyes closed in a light slumber.

"There, didn't I tell you so?" came triumphantly from the bedroom; "nothing in the world but sheer obstinacy. He knows which side his bread is buttered, young as he is."

Mary did not answer. She could feel the convulsive twitchings of the little sufferer's limbs as they were drawn close to his body, and she feared every moment a return of the sharp paroxysm of the pain which she was convinced he was suffering from.

She walked on untiringly cuddling the little one close to her motherly heart, and it was a relief to her when the measured breathing of her husband told that he was asleep again.

"My mother" had been one of those who brought up her children by a system of set rules, rather than the promptings of a warm mother-love suiting itself to the necessities of the child, and as she was blessed with a small family of vigorous, healthy children, it may be they were no sufferers from her ideas. They were never cuddled and petted, and having never known it perhaps did not feel the need of it.

They slept, ate, and drank by the clock, and were taught at a marvelously early age to lie down in bed and go to sleep as model children should, and Mrs. Hastings, Sr., would have thought herself on the verge of lunacy if she had ever been

weak enough to walk the floor with a crying child as Mary was now doing.

Fortunately they were so robust and healthy that their infantile ailments were few, and they passed the critical periods of childhood in safety, and the mother pointed to them as examples of what system and a course of hardening can accomplish, holding in illy-concealed contempt the mothers weak enough to cuddle and pet their little ones to the sacrifice of their own personal ease and convenience.

Charles had been the youngest of these model children, and it was no wonder that he brought into his own household some of these ideas. If he had ever longed for a mother's petting and tenderly expressed love as a child, he had long since forgotten it, and when little Harry came, the first baby which had ever entered into his experience, he began to look upon him as an example of infantile shrewdness and self-will, the more as his wife's loving course was so diametrically opposite to his mother's, and the little one, neither a robust or healthy child, subject to severe attacks of pain, causing cries which were sorely annoying to the untried father, who had never before been broken of his rest.

The mother's heart was growing lighter, thinking that the medicine had taken the desired effect, when the child began to move uneasily, and waking, its screams were again commenced shriller and more agonizing than before.

In vain the mother soothed and turned him one way and the other, hoping again to find a position of ease for him, the cries were growing more sharp and distressing every moment.

"Charles, Charles," cried the mother, in her distress, "do wake up and heat cloths to put on baby. He is suffering so."

The father was but half awake, and only dimly conscious that the little one was crying again, so, perhaps, he should be held only partially responsible for the semi-savage remark as he touched his feet to the cold floor.

"Here, Mary, hand him to me and I'll throw him out of the window if he don't quit that noise."

Happily the mother did not hear the unfatherly speech, her whole attention

being riveted on the little one. His cries had ceased suddenly, a pallor as of death had settled over the face, and the body, but a moment before rigid with pain, had settled down limp and lifeless in her arms.

"O Charles!" she screamed in awful fright, "run for a doctor; he is dying, he is dying!" and her sobs broke forth as she wildly kissed the face of the little unconscious babe, which was covered with a cold, clammy sweat.

One look was enough for the now thoroughly awakened husband.

This was evidently a case which his mother's philosophy had never provided for, and Mary herself could not have made more frightened haste than he as he dressed to go out.

He loved his child, how much he had never been called upon to realize before, and his reflections were far from pleasant as he caught up his hat and put his feet into his slippers for greater haste.

"What will you do, Mary, while I am gone?" he said, humbly.

"Waken Mrs. Early as you pass, and send her to me," she replied, briefly and coldly. It seemed to her that she came nearer hating her husband at that moment than she had ever hated any human being.

He looked back an instant, longing to say a word of cheer or sympathy, but one look at her set, drawn face, white as death in its agony of fear and sorrow, that words, *his* words of all others, would be worse than useless to help her, and his feet fairly flew as he touched the walk.

Happily Mrs. Early was an experienced nurse, and being a near neighbor, was soon at the stricken mother's side, soothing her as her own mother might have done, and bringing her practical knowledge of nursing to the little sufferer's relief.

He was not dying as the distracted mother at first supposed, and a warm bath was hastily prepared, and the child placed therein, and before the physician arrived they had the satisfaction of seeing the natural color slowly creeping back to the blanched face, and the eyes close in apparently natural slumber.

The respite was of brief duration, however, for the cries soon began again, succeeded by the sinking symptoms, and poor

Mary's heart fairly stood still with grief and fear.

All night they worked over the suffering child, but in the morning there seemed very little hope of his recovery.

All this time Mary had scarcely spoken to her husband, although he, with such remorse as he had never before experienced, had been kindness itself to her, anticipating every want, so far as he could, and looking at her with such an appealing, wistful look, which, had she noticed it, might have softened her aching heart toward him, but she was so wrapped up in her child's suffering that, almost crazed with grief, she hardly knew that he was in the room.

Once he essayed to take the child, and relieve her tired arms. "Let me take him, Mary," he urged in a trembling voice. "I will carry him as tenderly as you, and you can rest."

She turned, her eyes red and swollen with weeping, but blazing for the moment with scornful light. "Oh! no, he may be shamming, you know," she said, sarcastically and coldly, as she resumed her walk.

There was one position of ease into which she could better cuddle him in a standing position, and walking, too, seemed to afford him a shade of relief, so she walked on, never heeding her own weariness.

Charles turned away, and shutting the door of his room after him, he threw himself upon the bed and wept such tears as strong men weep.

"She hates me and I deserve it," he whispered to himself, in an agony of self-reproach. "If I had dreamed that the little fellow was really sick!"

Ah! fathers and mothers, too, the sooner you learn that a helpless baby has no other way to express itself except through its cries, and that when it is comfortable, and free from pain it is as natural for it to be happy and quiet as it is for the birds to sing or the flowers to bloom, the better it will be for you as well as the helpless child intrusted to your care. How many earaches, headaches, and sharp teething pains our little ones bear we little dream, yet if they cry too often, an impatient nurse calls them "cross," and pities herself more than the suffering baby.

How many mothers and fathers, after

their little ones are gone away where there is no more pain or crying; can look back on fretful words and impatient thoughts toward the little one whose suffering, had they only known it, was borne with greater patience than they themselves would have shown.

Days and nights of anxious care succeeded the sudden attack, and the child came to the very verge of death, when every breath was feared to be its last, and through it all the mother hung over it with a strength born of despair.

The father, too, shared her vigils, repentant and tender hearted, but she scarcely heeded his presence, only seeming to see the pain-stricken face pillowed upon her aching breast.

At last there came a favorable change, and the little one slept.

"If he awakes from this sleep naturally and to consciousness, he will live," said the kind-hearted physician, whose efforts for the little one's relief had been untiring.

He lay in his crib, the gray pallor which the little face had worn during all the sickness, gradually wearing off, and Mary watched by his side with almost breathless anxiety.

Charles came and knelt beside her, and put his arms around her. As she turned to warn him with an impatient gesture to beware of disturbing the sleep of the infant, she noticed, for the first time, how worn and old his face had become, and for the first time a feeling of pity stole into her heart for the father who was so evidently suffering with her, and she leaned her head upon his shoulder, and together they watched the life-giving slumber.

An hour passed by in unbroken silence, another still, and as Charles arose and stood by his wife's chair, the little eyelids quivered, the tiny hands fluttered, and the dark eyes opened with the light of reason shining unmistakably in them, and the little one, as he beheld his mother's face, smiled in sweet recognition of her loving glance.

"Thank God! Oh! thank God!" she cried in the depths of her happy gratitude, her joy reacting upon her so forcibly that she fell back fainting in her husband's arms.

"I have learned a lesson, Mary," said Charles, a few hours later. "Can you ever forgive me for my unthinking brutality?"

"I can forgive you *now*," she replied, her eyes beaming with happy thankfulness, "but if he had died—" and a shudder ran through her.

"I could never have forgiven myself, whatever you might have done," was the husband's reply.

The lesson was an effectual one, and a more tender father could not be wished for than Charles became, and if he was ever tempted to quote, "my mother's" notions of infant management to his wife, one thought of that terrible experience was enough to stifle the unspoken word.

MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

AN INVALID'S PLEA.

"THE advantages of sickness? why, what a doleful subject you have chosen to write upon," says a bright-eyed friend who peeps over my shoulder. Well, my dear, I can convince you that even sickness has its advantages.

When you were so ill last year, was it not a joyful surprise to you to have your husband develop into such a kind and tender nurse? To have him hurry home from the office at the earliest possible moment, to care for your surroundings, and thinking only of your comfort. Did you not expatiate to me of Charlie's goodness, and say that you could hardly have believed it possible even of him?

And was it not very pleasant, when you at last became convalescent, to receive the visits of your numerous friends, nearly every one bringing you some little token of affection, some little tidbit of cookery or choice fruit to tempt your appetite? And did you not say then, that it made you very glad and happy to know that you were so loved and remembered?

All this experience, then, was an advantage to you. It taught you what *your* duty must be when others fell ill, and it was in your power to aid and visit them.

And then, what a time for retrospection is the sick-room! What a time to review one's past, and if recovery is promised, to form better plans for the future! In times of deep meditation, we draw nearer to God. We seem to see, as we never saw before, the underlying motives and principles which have governed our lives.

And, then, the joy of getting well! To be out again in the free, fresh air, to feel

as if we were almost a new being. To feel that we have *so much* to be thankful for to Him, who has given us back our health and strength. Do not smile, then, dear friend, when I say that even sickness has its advantages, in many cases, although, of course, all are not so favored as you and I have been.

MRS. C. W. HILLS.

RESERVED POWER.

WE were much impressed, recently, by perusing an old sermon, having this subject for its ground-work: "A reserved power, in a time of need." And we thought it is no less applicable to us *now*, than it was to those to whom it was addressed in years gone by, and we suppose that the hand of him who penned it has long been cold in death.

For truly, it meets the needs of every one, who has to face life's battles.

The text upon which this sermon was founded, was this, Matthew xxv, 8:

"And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out."

We might not at first realize the meaning contained in the parable, for it seems a small matter, the fact of their lamps not being sufficiently provided with oil for the occasion, but we suppose that our Lord had a weightier and more significant lesson for us to heed.

Nothing will ever pass for good management in this world's affairs unless provision be made to meet the heaviest draft and hardest strain that is ever likely to come, and something more.

How constantly do all of us need this "reserved power!" A little while our lamps may indeed burn brightly, and there may seem to be no lack of oil, but time, trial, temptation, all unanticipated, may one day disclose to us our woeful want. We need to provide promptly and largely for the wants of the soul as well as of the body. How many a shining lamp has gone out in the deep sea of affliction! How many a youth who has stepped out upon life's stage, proudly and with confidence in himself, firm and upright while he trod a smooth and easy path, but stumbling and falling in darkness as soon as his feet touched the slippery ground of temptation and sin.

Alas! there was a fatal deficiency of moral force, and his lamp was sure to go out. And many a young maiden has there been who resembled her foolish prototypes in the parable. Beautiful, accomplished, attractive, a leader in society, relying wholly upon her own advantages and her power to please, her exalted social position, and her brilliant intellect. But soon the real cares and trials of life begin. Years go on, and beauty loses its lustre. The illusive dreams of youth pass away, as they must. The stern, practical realities of life rise up as they always do. Romance flies from the hearth when suffering and sorrow sit down beside it. Duty becomes burdensome, home ties a bondage, and society a bitter mockery. Where now

is the stock of strength and patience, the "reserved power" which is to enable her to meet all this?

Alas! she has none. She feels her life to be a failure, and her lamp goes out, as every day of human experience clearly showed that it would.

Endeavor then, all of us, to stock our hearts and consciences with those motives which are of a spiritual origin, high and noble motives, pure and undefiled, for it is the motive only which makes an act acceptable to God, and if we are every day and every hour having an influence over those around us for good or evil, what manner of people in our daily walk and conversation ought we to be that our lamps may indeed shine brightly?

MRS. C. W. HILLS.

HOUSEKEEPERS.

LUNCHEON PARTIES.

IT is very unwise, if not impossible, to attempt a formal dinner company without a corps of competent and well-trained servants. In the first place, there is the difficulty of having an elaborate dinner properly cooked, and the impossibility of repairing any damage at the last moment. Then, again, there is the worry of having a formal dinner properly served. It is positive anguish to a housekeeper to see her fine old blue India tureen removed from the table by some raw servant, from whose clumsy hands she momentarily expects to see it fall. Then the bustle and confusion of clearing off the meat dinner for the dessert are very trying when you have incompetent servants. I would suggest, therefore, that in cases where a housekeeper with limited means and perhaps only one servant feels it obligatory on her to give an entertainment, she should have a luncheon party instead of a dinner. She will find this a vast saving of worry and trouble in many particulars. In the first place, every article may be served cold, and thus may be prepared beforehand, with the exception of coffee or chocolate, which, of course, should be served hot. In the second place, it is not

absolutely necessary to have servants in attendance, as it is an informal meal, and the lady or ladies of the house can wait on the guests.

In the third place, there is no shifting of soup-plates nor clearing of the table for dessert. It is not customary to have soup at luncheons, and the sweet things are put on together with the meats.

There is no necessity to have vegetables at a luncheon party, and this, again, saves trouble. A bowl of slaw is the only vegetable you need have, except a stand of celery accompanying a turkey. A cold ham, a cold turkey, a bowl of chicken salad, a bowl of slaw, a plenty of nice cold light-bread and crackers, pickles, and such other condiments as you choose to have, will afford a sufficient variety for the meat course, though, if convenient, oysters would be a nice addition, either pickled, fried or stewed. This is a bill of fare suitable for cold weather. In the spring you might have spring chickens, veal, lettuce, strawberries, or any other delicacy of the season.

For your dessert you might have two large cakes, say a fruit cake and a pound cake, or a white cake and a jelly cake, together with two silver baskets of snowballs, or some other kind of small cake.

Ice your cakes, as this adds greatly to their appearance. Jelly and ice-cream added to the cake would constitute a sufficiently varied dessert, though, if you could get fruit, this would greatly embellish and improve the dessert. A salver of mixed fruits in the centre of the table is a beautiful and delicious addition to a feast, but if you have to buy fruit, and your means are limited, I would advise you to omit it from your bill of fare. Collect up every flower you can get to adorn your table when you are going to have an entertainment, so the eyes of your guests may be gratified as well as their palates. Scarlet flowers are invaluable on such occasions, but if it be in winter, when flowers are scarce, you might substitute scarlet berries, mingled with fern and evergreens.

Nothing adds more to the conviviality of an entertainment of this kind than to have a plenty of nice strong coffee with rich cream. As the "Attic philosopher" charmingly expresses it, "Coffee is the mid-point between bodily and spiritual nourishment."

MARY W. EARLY.

"HELPS."

"I COULD not get through my house-work so easily or rapidly if I hadn't good helps," said sensible, cheerful Mrs. Beck to us one winter morning, when we sat in her cozy kitchen, watching the sleek Maltese kitten blink in the sunshine which peeped through the tangle of vines swinging from the wire basket hanging from the south window.

"Helps!" we echoed, looking around, wondering if capable, active Susanna Beck had really come to keeping a hired girl? and if so, what would some of the neighbors say, when she laughed merrily and told us:

"She didn't mean that sort of help at all," and then she showed us her kitchen table, made for her by a neighbor cabinet-maker, who didn't charge an unheard-of price for the making.

"I am tall, and don't care to bend my back, and stoop my shoulders when it isn't really necessary, so I had my table higher than most tables. I can, with comfort, stand and mold bread, wash dishes, chop vegetables, etc., and don't feel 'drawn over' in the shoulders. In this table

there are two deep drawers that work easily. In these deep drawers I keep tin cans, boxes, stone vessels, or glass ones, salt, soda, lard, sugar, spices, oatmeal, bread-crumbs—the little things needed in preparing a meal. Then sharp and worn case-knives for paring, potato masher, graters, coffee and tea strainers, all the homely, useful small articles needed about the cooking, I keep in the top drawer. The bottom one holds kitchen towels, table linen, napkins, clothes-pins, soap, starch, tea towels, and dish rags, etc. My table has strong casters screwed in each leg, and is easily moved near to the stove, thus saving steps when I bake. The top of my table can be moved by a turning around, and one-half of the top folds back, the under side of which is not painted, and can be used as a molding and chopping board, then turned back and I have my square table again. As you see, the table is stained walnut, and when kept covered by a cloth, makes a presentable 'centre' table. We like to eat in our kitchen because it is so much sunnier and cheerier than the dining-room.

"My 'bread winner' says he takes solid comfort upon cold mornings, when we wheel this table close up to the stove, where we can easily tend the buckwheats without rising.

"The table is not too high to sit at comfortably.

"While I have a pantry where I keep many things, it is a wonderful help to keep the little things in the table drawers. If one can afford to have a table with more drawers, and several small ones, it is much better, but I take what I can get.

"Then my ironing-board and clothes-rack was looked on as a piece of extravagance, as was a small meat-chopper, which I turn by crank. With this chopper I am able to chop, not grind, tough but nutritious meat, which can be served in many nice ways, and can be bought cheap, and would be too tough to broil or fry.

"I must tell you of the little beefsteak pies our folks are so fond of. They want them oftener than I like to prepare them. Chop fine the amount of raw beef desired, season with salt, pepper, or Bell's seasoning. Make a crust of one quart flour, one scant spoonful lard, one-quarter teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful baking-powder, and moisten with sweet milk into a light, soft dough. Don't roll out, but work with

the hands until smooth, then form into flat cakes, spread over one side the chopped meat, fold over the crust, turnover fashion, and bake light-brown."

"The couch is a long box covered with oil red calico, and there is a variety of articles kept in that box. The men's slippers, all the overshoes, rainy-day wraps, papers, and periodicals which we want to refer to, and have no place for. That couch serves a two-fold purpose. Those soft comfortables covering it are easily washed, as I made it for use. It is not too delicate for the men folks to lie down upon.

"My copper boiler doesn't leak, and my wash bench is high enough that I may not be compelled to stand over a too low set tub until I get a bad backache. Then I use all the helps to cleanse easily the soiled clothes that I know are not injurious. Very few of my neighbors have a boiler that isn't as leaky as a fine sieve, and that is a trial of patience.

"I use light waterproof pails, though I do not have far to carry water, yet it is too far for me to think of tugging around with a heavy wood or cedar pail, which is not easily kept clean, and a filthy water pail is not a pleasant object anywhere.

"My coal fire isn't hard to kindle, as I keep on hand a barrel of paper twisted tightly in little bunches, with pine kindling.

"The paper bags sent by grocers are partly filled with coal and kept in the pantry.

"These can be laid on the coals at all times without blacking even ungloved hands. Handy kindling and plenty of it saves lots of time and temper, and enough to last a long time may be prepared in an hour.

"It is worth having, as I know of nothing so trying as fire-building with poor kindling when one is in a hurry or the weather is intensely cold.

"We have a small coal-oil stove and find it useful often in the winter-time.

"Sometimes the children wake up hoarse and we want hot water or an iron heated in a hurry. We don't use our heavy iron cooking vessels often, preferring the granite ware, even using tin cans for many purposes.

"A friend calls us extravagant when we have bought some new help or work-saver, but we prefer wearing plain dresses until

we have secured 'helps' sufficient to make our work still lighter.

"You can't think until you've tried doing without, how much *discomfort* the lack of a simple article may bring to a house-keeper.

"For months we crippled along without a can-opener, having need of one every day, though we learned to most dextrously wield a big butcher knife.

"After one of the household had almost severed three fingers from the right hand during the operation, the needed article was bought, and we wondered how we had ever done without it.

"We have in that box under the east window, which the girls have cushioned and claim as their own property, quite a number of useful things, needed often. Only this week one of our friends wanted a sharp hatchet and said she had hunted the square over, sent to several *neighbors* living in the next one to borrow a hatchet and then she thought of us, that if anybody had one, we had, as we were 'cranky' on such things.

"We want hammers, gimlets, and a hatchet, an awl, plenty of screws, tacks, and nails where we can get at them when wanted in a hurry, though desire to keep them hidden.

"Perhaps we are 'cranky' upon the subject, but we can't keep house with any degree of comfort without these homely helps.

"The men folks have their labor-savers and use them, too. Why should women do without?

"Costly? and it takes money to buy them?"

"It certainly does, and upon many occasions the ornamental has to be given up for the useful. But it pays largely. Friends wonder that I have time to go out for air and sunshine, or to pleasant gatherings, or help in charitable work.

"I am asked *when* I find time to read and when do I work, and they go away, wishing that they, too, had my strong body! as then they could get through their house-work easily, too.

"Women cannot work to an advantage unless they have things handy, and plan to save steps or unnecessary work. A parlor furnished gorgeously and kitchen skimped make hard times for the queen of the kitchen."

ELLA GUERNSEY.

NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

Well-tried recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical "talks" on subjects of special interest to housekeepers will be welcome for this department, which we have reason to believe most of our readers find interesting no less than useful. Our "HOME" friends will here have opportunities of assisting each other by giving timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking information concerning any subject they wish light upon. All communications designed for this department should be addressed to the Editor "HOME" Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

CONVENIENCES.

I WONDER how many of us have been waiting for the new house until youth and beauty are gone, and our children old enough to realize the comforts of home, while there is nothing pleasant or attractive to keep them within our influence? All the latest inventions for planting and harvesting have gradually found room in the numerous and ample barns, but the wives and mothers are still toiling on with the old dash-churn and the wash-board, bringing water for the weekly wash from a distance, perhaps going half-way around the house with two brimming pails of milk before finding the cellar-door, then traveling back with the same pails filled for the pigs or calves. The steps may be rickety, steep, and narrow, but it will not pay to fix them because we don't want to put any expense on the old house. If this state of things continues, how long will it be before many of us will decide that "we just don't care how things look if we can only rest?"

Now, there are manifold reasons why we should still have a cheerful and convenient home, still feel like wearing a smiling face, and presenting a neat and attractive appearance before our husbands and children; but the laws of life and health are invincible, and we cannot do this with all these unnecessary steps. Of course, we are willing to wait for "modern improvements" until they are rightfully and honorably ours, but do let us have a wood and wash-house attached to the kitchen, if it is nothing but a rough shed;

VOL. LIX.—37.

around the sides of this let there be rows of shelves reaching from, nearly, floor to ceiling. With hammer, saw, and plenty of nails, we can do much of this work ourselves. Here, without confusion, can we put boiler, tubs, clothes-pins, bluing, jars, buckets, soap, tin fruit-cans containing nails, etc., glue, scouring-sand, etc., boxes holding rolls of material for use in house-cleaning, holders, dish-cloths, and other things. Here, also, have a deep sink with a drain for taking away all waste water, thus saving time, strength, and bad colds.

If the pantry is infested with mice, get a large dry-goods box, nail unsoldered tin-cans around the bottom, and put on a tight cover with hinges. This will hold a sack of flour and one of corn-meal. Use a tin-boiler, past its legitimate use, for sacks of beans, dried fruits, and garden-seeds. Take a long, deep box, nail cleats to sides and front, and put in soda-boxes, bureau shape, to hold children's playthings. This we think much better than to have them thrown around anywhere, to get them out of the way.

AUNT HOPE.

CROCHETED EDGING.

I have long been wishing to join your pleasant company and tell you how greatly I enjoy the "Notes," and to-day venture to send a narrow crocheted edge suitable for children's underclothing:

Make a chain of seven stitches, turn.

First row.—Shell of three trebles, one chain, and three trebles in fourth stitch of chain, chain three, one treble in last stitch, chain three, turn.

Second row.—Shell in shell of previous row, one treble in three chain at end of shell, chain five, turn.

Third row.—Shell in shell, one treble in three chain at end, chain three, turn.

Fourth row.—Shell in shell, chain one, six trebles separated by one chain under chain of five of previous row, fasten

with one double in three chain, chain three, turn.

*Fifth row.—*One double under one chain, chain three, one double in same place; repeat from * under each chain of one between trebles, forming picot loops around the scallop, chain one, shell in shell, one treble in three chain at end, chain three, turn.

Repeat from second row.

MRS. NELLIE AMMERMAN.

HOME HELPS.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE "HOME" HOUSE-KEEPER:—May I help you with a few recipes and suggestions? First, I will give a recipe for "mush bread," which I have thoroughly tested and find always good; it does not dry out so fast as common brown bread, and is good for dyspeptics, also:

Pour two quarts of hot corn-meal mush, made and salted as for eating, over two quarts of Graham flour, let it stand till nearly cold, then add one quart of good, risen yeast, one-half cup of molasses, a half-teaspoon each of salt and soda, and mix well together, adding more flour if required. Knead well and thoroughly make into small loaves, say in pie-tins, and when risen bake in a moderate oven. I usually bake it in bread-pans.

I have also another tested recipe for brown bread which is good: Two and one-half cups of sour milk, one-half cup of molasses, one teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of soda, dissolved in a little hot water, one teaspoon of melted butter, one cup of Graham flour, and two cups of corn-meal, pour into a well-greased pail that has a tight-fitting cover, set in a kettle of lukewarm water, let it boil well for three hours, than take the cover off the pail and set in the oven fifteen minutes. The water in the kettle must not be allowed to get low, or the bread will stick to the bottom of the pail.

And here is also a nice pudding, which is a good dish for supper: One cup of apple-sauce, not sweetened, one cup of apple preserves flavored with lemon (or instead of the preserves take another cup of apple-sauce and half a lemon, sliced), mixed together and pressed through a fruit-press or sieve; then add one-half cup of milk, the beaten yolks of two eggs;

whip the whites to a stiff froth, add one-half of it to the mixture, sweeten to taste, beat all together, put in the oven and bake; watch closely, as it will soon be done, and if left too long will be watery. Take out, spread over the top the remainder of the beaten whites of the eggs, return to the oven, and brown slightly.

One way to keep packed butter good is to turn the jar upside down on the bottom of the cellar. I have not tested this, myself, but a neighbor has. Here is a "little saving" item: After using cold starch let it settle, pour off all the water, let the starch dry, then scrape it out in a paper box kept for the purpose, to be used in making boiled starch for colored clothes.

I notice in the March number of the HOME, that Aunt Hope gives some hints about rag carpets. I can also add a few: When sewing rags that are bright on one side, such as calicoes, etc., sew them with the bright side up, and when winding the ball fold them in the centre with the bright side out. This will take a little longer, but the carpet, when woven, will look enough nicer to pay for the trouble. A sack of rags, cut fine, will make more carpet than the same amount cut coarse; another thing, if the carpet is fine, boot-nails will not catch in it so readily. Flannel, pieces of men's clothes, and all thick cloth not too tender can be used if cut one-fourth of an inch wide; no wider, certainly, and a little less in width would not be too fine. Other cloth, such as gingham, calico, shirting, old stockings, etc., should be cut so that, when woven, they will be no coarser than the others. A word about stockings and knit goods: when cutting a stocking, start at the top and cut around the leg so that it will be cut in one long string, save in places where too much worn. Other knit goods may be cut on the same plan.

Old calico, cambric or gingham dress-skirts make good comfortable covers, if not too much worn.

A dark calico skirt can be made into two good aprons to be worn when mopping, washing, blacking the stove, etc., entirely covering the front of one's dress. It is a good plan to have a pair of extra sleeves to slip on, too. An excellent style for a home work-dress is made "Mother Hubbard" front, the back being cut like

a round basque with the skirt sewed on it; underneath put a belt, fastened to the back of the dress in the centre, and to the side seams.

MAMIE A. JONES.

GOOD WORDS AND RECIPES.

I have long felt a desire to speak a word of praise of the HOME MAGAZINE. We have taken it twenty-eight years, and feel that we could not well do without it. I have saved all the numbers, and more than one neighbor has had a feast of good things in reading the old books. It has come to us through all these years like a tried and faithful friend, in our joy and in our sorrow, speaking words of cheer and consolation.

"Sister May" asks for a recipe for soft gingerbread. Here is one I have used for years: One cup of molasses, one cup of hot water, two tablespoonfuls of lard or drippings, rounded-up, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one of soda, a little salt, one teaspoon of ginger. Stir as thick as cake, and bake in a moderate oven. Wanting to make a loaf a few days ago, I found I had only half a cup of molasses in the house; but taking the other half of sugar I proceeded as above, with good results. If one has sour cream, take one cup of cream, one of molasses, one teaspoon of soda, one of ginger, a little salt; make a batter of medium thickness, bake in a rather slow oven. New Orleans molasses is best for these.

Here is a recipe for layer cake which may be used with any kind of filling: One cup of sugar, one egg, one-half cup sweet milk, three teaspoonfuls melted butter, two cups flour, three teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake in three layers. We like it best with frosting for filling; in that case I save out the white of the egg, using only the yolk for the cake, beating it up and stirring it in the milk. For filling, boil half a cup of sugar (maple is very nice) until it will harden in water; have the white of egg well beaten, and pour the boiling syrup over it, stirring briskly all the while. You can flavor with lemon, vanilla, cocoanut, or chocolate, and have a variety from one little, cheap cake.

MRS. B. H. SHAW.

SUGGESTIONS AND THANKS.

EDITOR "HOME" HOUSEKEEPER:—I have been a reader of ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE for a number of years, and we all enjoy it much. I would like to inform the writer who stated, in the March number, that "there is no remedy for pie-plates and pudding-dishes that have become glaze-cracked but the hammer and ash-heap," that there is, for all who keep poultry, a most important use for all such dishes, also for broken ware of all sorts. Pound it up and give it to your chickens—it is just what they want to grind their food. Will some of the readers try this, please?

The recipe for chocolate marble cake, given by Lillian Grey is very nice. I always double any recipe for layer or sponge cake, take what is necessary for the jelly cake, then divide the remainder, mix thoroughly in one-half the melted chocolate, put in alternate layers of light and dark in a small-sized bread-pan, and bake. From the same recipe two or three different kinds of cake may be made without much trouble.

I would like to thank "Sandusky" for her crocheted edgings. The "clover-leaf" and "point lace" are both very pretty, and together make very nice trimming for a suit of undergarments.

E. M. S.

"A WORD TO THE WISE."

May Aunt Prudence come again, with her mite to the household? I was so glad "Haidee" appreciated my way of ironing. It does one good to know that a suggestion, however simple, benefits some one else.

Do we all realize, I wonder, what an influence a pleasant or an unpleasant voice has? Can we not call up some cheery voice that reminds us of nothing so much as rippling waters, dancing along in the sunshine? And another, perhaps, so unpleasant that we always think of filing saws when we hear it? Not long ago my husband employed, for a few days, a bright, sunny-faced boy, and I observed: "What a pleasant child." "Yes," my husband rejoined, "but he has his mother's whine!" And I immediately fell to wondering if we mothers of the "HOME" realize the

influences of even our voices on our children. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Seeing a request for soft molasses ginger cake, I send mine, which I have used for years with success: One cup molasses, one-half cup water, two level cups of flour, one quite heaping spoon of butter or lard, one teaspoon of ginger, two teaspoons of soda if you use sorghum, one if you use sale molasses.

AUNT PRUDENCE.

"HOME" RECIPES.

A GOOD WAY TO USE STALE BREAD.

—Beat two eggs light, and add a large cup of milk; slice the bread and dip each slice in the milk; then fry to a nice brown; sprinkle sugar and a little grated nutmeg over them, if liked, and serve hot. I like nice beef suet better than butter or other fat for frying the slices. Pieces of bread that are not nice to be used in this way may be made into milk toast or into croutons, to be eaten with soup. For these cut the bread in little squares and dry in a very moderate oven to a light-brown. Dry the little bits and crumbs in the same way; roll them fine; put away in a glass jar, and see how nice they are for puddings, etc.

MRS. ECONOMY.

EXTRA PLUM PUDDING.—Cream together thoroughly one-half cup each of butter and brown sugar, add two eggs, well-beaten, then one-half cup each of sour milk and molasses, add to this two cups of fruit, currants, and raisins, with a little citron, or either of the first-named alone, just as liked; for spices, one-half teaspoon each of cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, and pimento; dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in a very little water and add with flour to make a rather stiff batter. After one trial you will be able to get it just right in this regard; it should not be thick enough quite for cake batter. Steam in a tin mold or lard pail for four hours. Quite a number of these puddings may be made at a time in cold weather as they will keep, and are as delicious when warmed over as when first made. I wish every housekeeper would try this rule, as I am sure all will be delighted with it.

CREAM PUDDING SAUCE FOR ABOVE.

—Beat one and one-half cups of white sugar with one-half cup nice fresh butter to a foamy cream, which will require twenty to thirty minutes, add a well-beaten egg and flavoring to taste just before it is wanted; beat into the sauce three tablespoonfuls of boiling water, stirring rapidly all the while to prevent curdling. I have thoroughly tested both these recipes and think them well worthy a place in our "corner."

JULIA.

NOTELETS.

EDITOR "HOME" HOUSEKEEPER:—Please tell me what will take the red stain out of a wash towel that has been marked with French etching silk.

MISS WARD.

[We once removed such a stain as you speak of by using chloride of lime, one-fourth pound of the lime to a gill of boiling water. Let what will dissolve, then allow the lime to settle, after which let the stain remain in the lime water for a few moments, and rinse in vinegar. If not entirely successful with the first operation, "try, try, again." Or, have you tried oxalic acid and tartaric acid?—using carefully, as the mixture is poisonous and strong. Another method is to wet the stain with hypo-phosphate of soda and scatter over it tartaric acid, letting it remain for fifteen minutes before washing. This is simple, not injurious to the fabric, and oftentimes successful—much depending on the kind of dye used in the silk. In using the first preparation mentioned, do not shake, but use only the clean water, letting the remainder remain corked for another time.]

Can any friend tell me how to transfer the embroidery or outline patterns which come with the fashion papers and magazines, so that I can use them? It is a great deal of work to prick the lines with a pin, and I have never been successful with the work.

SISTER MAE.

[A simple and satisfactory way to use such designs is to procure impression paper of a color which will show on your goods—dark for light goods, and light for

dark—place in proper position, lay the design over it, and follow the lines with a sharp instrument, a pencil or bit of wood pointed. By this means the pattern will be transferred to the goods beneath the impression paper. If the latter is not to be obtained, try this way: Take common brown wrapping paper, grease with linseed oil or melted lard, and when thoroughly dry place over your designs and draw them off with a lead pencil, lay the penciled side next the goods, trace the other side with the pencil, and the design will be nicely transferred. Use a soft pencil and bear on with moderate force when retracing. This method is intended for light goods, but a white, or light-colored pencil could probably be used for dark goods with good results. Very serviceable stamping patterns may be made from coarse designs by placing them over linen or other suitable paper, fastening all to a board by means of a tack in each corner, and following the lines of the pattern carefully with a sharp tracing wheel.]

DEAR EDITOR "HOME" HOUSEKEEPER:—I have quite a number of knitting patterns in which "Berlin wool" is used. Will you please tell me what kind of worsted or yarn may be used in place of it? The patterns are from an English paper.

M. D. W.

[Single zephyr, popularly called "worsted," may be used in making any article for which the Berlin is recommended. Germantown wool is less expensive, and of about the same size.]

DEAR HOUSEKEEPERS:—Will some one kindly tell me how to remove a grease spot from light (gray) silk? and oblige,

MARTHA.

[Gasoline is excellent for removing grease spots of any description from any fabric. We have even used it to take head-marks from delicate wall-paper, and as a cleansing agent for the collars of coats, etc., it is invaluable. It is extremely inflammable, however, and should never be used near a fire of any kind, gas or kerosene; its odor also renders it disagreeable for many to use. You might try magnesia for the spot you mention.

Rub it thoroughly and plentifully on the place; let it dry; then brush it off, and in nine cases out of ten the spot will have disappeared. It is said that if a visiting-card is split and, the inner side rubbed on the spot well, the latter will disappear and the gloss of the silk will not be injured in the least. We cannot vouch for this, however; it may certainly be easily tested.]

EDITOR "HOME" HOUSEKEEPER:—I have been a constant reader of the HOME MAGAZINE for many years and would like to ask information through your department on one subject. I see, in January number, that some one asks a question of "Pipsey." Why is it that no notice of her death has been given in our Magazine? She was a writer whom every one loved, and surely one who has written so many helpful words to women all over our land deserves a tribute to her memory.

BESSIE.

[Surely, surely she does, and it is probably owing to an oversight—so common in publication offices—that the tribute has not been given. Personally, we did not know of "Pipsey's" death until your note reached us, and we feel—as will each and every one of the "HOME" band who have known and loved her so long through her cheery, helpful writings—that we have lost a friend. She never wrote without a purpose, and that purpose was always to aid and encourage those who needed assistance and encouragement in whatever walks of life their feet were set. She was a friend of woman; and her loss should be and will be sincerely mourned.]

LUCK AND LABOR. Cobden wrote proverbs about luck and labor. It would be well for boys to memorize them. Luck is waiting for something to turn up; labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy; labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines; labor whistles. Luck relies on chances; labor on character. Luck strides down to indigence; labor strides upward to independence.

TWO OR THREE INVENTIONS.

WE have no money to spend for bric-a-brac, and but little to spare for fancy work materials; hence it follows that in our house there is a conspicuous lack of useless things to dust. Occasionally, however, my sister and I do a little fancy work in the way of mending and repairing. For instance, last week we re-seated a rocking-chair. Having cut out the broken cane seat for a guide, we crocheted a piece of the same shape, out of No. 8 white knitting cotton. We made this a little smaller than our pattern, because a former experience in making crocheted baskets had taught us that the work would stretch in finishing. We starched it with the stiffest of flour starch, and while it was still wet, tacked it to the frame of the chair with the nicest tacks we could find in a country shop. We stood the chair by the kitchen fire for a day and a night, at the end of which time the work was dry. Then we applied two coats of furniture varnish, drying the first coat thoroughly before the second one was put on. We had used the stitch known as "square crochet," with alternate squares open. This, when stiffened and varnished, is a very close imitation of one style of cane weaving. The varnish gave the work the exact shade of cane, and the varnish and starch together made it stiffer than the original seat had been. It will last forever, for varnished crochet work grows tougher and harder as it grows older. Nothing but fire will destroy it.

In common with many other good people, my sister and I greatly disapprove of things that are homely. "When our ship comes in," we intend to surround ourselves with everything beautiful, but, pending the arrival of that vessel, we have to content ourselves with many things not beautiful. One of the homeliest things we have to use is an ink bottle with a cork stopper. When our ship comes in, a bronze ink-stand shall repose upon our writing-table in a puffed mat of dark-blue satin.

In the meantime, a friend sends us a jar of orange jelly. The jar is an earthen one

made in imitation of a large orange. Lifting off the cover cuts the orange in halves. We eat the jelly, and then the happy thought strikes us to drop our ugly ink bottle into the pretty jar. We put the cover on, and there is our ugly little bottle, not transformed into, but hidden in a thing of beauty. Our two pens go in with it, and our calico penwiper. Of course the pen-holders are of the telescoping kind or they would not allow of the cover being put on.

We use a calico penwiper because all other kinds ruffle our tempers so. Flannel and felt are apt to leave hairs on the nib of the pen. Black silk used to be considered the thing for a penwiper, but silk does not readily absorb the ink. Chamois skin is good, but soon looks dirty. Six inches of dark calico, plaited tightly, makes a penwiper that combines the virtues of all other kinds, and keeps our tempers smooth, our pages unspotted. It is the ideal penwiper.

We have sought out one other invention. The porcelain shade over our hanging lamp was all that could be desired till we came to have an invalid in the family; then it was found that to the eyes of a person lying on a low couch it afforded no protection whatever. For a time we pinned a newspaper to the chain of the lamp, but this was not strictly ornamental, and the idea occurred to our invalid to utilize a large Christmas card. She tied a white thread closely about the neck of the porcelain shade, and from this by means of another thread, she suspended the card, its upper edge coming just above the lower edge of the shade. The thread that holds the card slips on the other thread, so, in whatever corner our invalid's couch may happen to be, her eyes are always shielded from the light, the colors of the card being olive greens with a dash of dark-red, and its fringe of a bronze color that quite matches the bronze frame of the lamp. The little contrivance is so much of an ornament that few persons ever suspect it to be a thing of use as well as a thing of beauty.

AMONG THE FLOWERS.

FOR years it had been my ardent desire to have a permanent rose-bed—a place in which to grow this queen of flowers to perfection—as I, in my ignorance, believed it might be done without any trouble at all. But time proved to me my error. I knew by observation and what I had read of that roses required plenty of rich food, so I proceeded to make my rose-bed with that end in view. With efficient aid in the shape of a willing boy, strong and active, I excavated the whole bed to the depth of two feet. Then my faithful little assistant wheeled for me a great many barrow-loads of the richest manure from the barnyard, bones well burned, and everything I could find or lay my hands on in the shape of a fertilizer was heaped into that excavation. A great part of the old earth was removed to another part of the garden, and some new earth from underneath sodded ground was dug up and wheeled over and put upon the bed, to the depth of several inches. I find by experience that roses will not do well in old ground, even though it is well manured, therefore I fully determined to make the bed as perfect in this respect as in my power lay. After days of very hard work, I found it at length completed, to my great satisfaction. Then I was ready for my roses. I had previously ordered my roses from a florist, and waited with what patience I could for them to arrive. They came at length, and were in fine order for planting. I did this in the evening, carefully spreading out the roots, and watering well, and for several days thereafter. I covered them during the day to prevent the sun wilting. After this the roots had taken hold of mother earth in their new home, and there was no further trouble. I had ordered several ever-bloomers, some Bengal, and a few teas, and a large number of hybrid perpetuals, among which was General Jacqueminot, that old reliable and ever-beautiful rose, Giant of Battles, General Washington, and at either end of the oval bed was

planted a Queen of the Prairie. There were other roses of the commoner sorts—old-fashioned ones, such as our dear old grandmothers delighted in—such as Duke of Orleans, “Hundred leaf,” etc. But did they not grow and grow! The teas bloomed well after making new growth. Generals Washington and Jacqueminot rewarded me with one rose apiece the first year, but I did not complain, for I saw what an amount of wood they were making for another year, and then! oh! then, I *was* rewarded. Such roses! and such quantities of them. If I had never had another blossom, that one year would have repaid me for all my labor. But that is not all; though some years have gone on, my old reliables are still to the front. Of course, the monthly roses gradually succumbed to cold and removals to the cellar during the winter, but the hybrid perpetuals continued to thrive and grow on uninterruptedly, until now they are immense bushes. I have added to my collection from year to year, until I now have roses in abundance of all kinds. Rosebugs and slugs no longer wear my patience out. I find they may easily be exterminated if taken in time. In fact, an “ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure” in this case. Go over the bushes the last of May and first of June, sprinkling or syringing them with a solution of white hellebore, diluted in water—a teaspoonful to a quart of water is about the proportion—be careful to reach the under-side of the leaves. Some use the powder, but I prefer the solution, as it is a poison and should be handled carefully.

Never allow any one to eat a rose from the bush (though, how any one *can* eat a rose is beyond me). Rosebugs can be removed by hand if they are allowed to get a foot-hold, but 'tis better to prevent their coming. They very soon ruin every rose on a bush by eating the half-blown buds. I have tried to tell you of my success in having a perfect rose-bed. I can truly say it has been a very satisfactory and de-

lightful bit of labor, for I have been surely rewarded. And it is such a permanent affair that with care I shall continue to be rewarded.

HYACINTH.

EVER-BLOOMING ROSES.

ALMOST every one in all sections of the Union has some variety of June roses; and all varieties are beautiful during their brief season of blooming.

But there are but few among all the lovers of the queen of blossoms that are aware of the magnificent possibilities of the ever-blooming class of roses.

It is a mistaken idea that the culture of this class is possible only with the rich, or in the Southern States.

The dollar collections of roses advertised so extensively in all newspapers and magazines bring them within the reach of the masses. And they are fine plants, of good varieties, that, with intelligent care, will reward the grower with roses of exquisite color and fragrance.

One of the greatest recommendations of these ever-blooming roses to us Northern people is that they are *frost-proof*.

Leading rose florists say in their catalogues that they do well from Mexico to Canada; blooming and growing freely from early summer till freezing ground or covered with snow; and they often do best during the cool fall months, after most bedding plants have succumbed to frost.

While they are not entirely hardy, a fair percentage will live through our Northern winters, if carefully covered with earth, or five or six inches of forest leaves held down with evergreen boughs.

In the spring trim to the live wood, and they will begin growing at once; but if they are killed down to the roots, if the roots are not injured, the new growth will be strong.

Common bedding plants will not endure our winters in the open ground at all, yet they cost just as much as the roses, and if a few friends purchase a dollar collection together, the cost of four or five roses will not be more than for a very few packets of seeds.

If there are some who think they cannot afford to buy, perhaps they may be able to follow the example of a leading

writer on floral subjects, who says *she* went without butter and sugar till she saved enough to purchase her first dollar's worth of roses.

This advice may be laughable to many who can gratify their tastes in such a small thing if they wish; but Mrs. W—— was aware how many women cannot have even as small a luxury as a dollar collection of roses without some such personal self-denial; and she wrote, and I repeat it for their benefit.

But roses, especially the ever-blooming class, must have intelligent care after they are purchased. Whether we are growing flowers or farm crops, we usually receive but scanty returns for scanty food and care.

We have all heard of the city lady who complained that the cows chased her when she crossed their pasture; and when told it was because she wore a red shawl, she wanted to know "if *she* had got to consult *cows* as to the color of her shawl."

Now, if we want fine roses, we shall have to consult *them* as to their special tastes and needs.

They luxuriate in rich soil, moisture, and sunshine, and must have it to do well.

Therefore, a bed for ever-bloomers should be in a sunny position, with a large quantity of old stable manure, well dug in to the depth of a foot or fifteen inches, so that the roots can penetrate beyond the reach of drought.

If you cannot have stable manure, have the surface of the ground removed as deep as you can coax, hire, or provide muscle to do, and bury layers of earth, old shoes, rags, kitchen waste, small bones, leaves, tea, and coffee grounds, and wood ashes, or anything that will make plant food; cover all over with four or five inches of soil in which to set the young plants, and the roots will find the food prepared for them when needed.

Put the roots of plants into lukewarm water for half an hour when received by mail; it freshens them up wonderfully; and when ready to plant, dig holes large enough to spread out the roots well; and press the earth down firmly with the hand; it is very important to *firm the earth thoroughly*, as it give the roots a chance to grow more easily.

Then water thoroughly to the bottom

of the roots, and shade days till new growth appears.

Do not worry if the leaves drop; the roots, having been disturbed, cannot feed the old foliage; but the new growth will start much more rapidly if one will have the courage to cut off the old leaves before setting out.

It is best not to set out roses that come from greenhouses by mail, any earlier than one would any other kind of bedding plants in their latitude; but after they are well established, they do not need any different care from other flowers.

The weeds should be kept down; the faded flowers cut; and they should have water when needed. The kitchen slops once a week, and soap-suds wash-days is, however, a wonderful persuader of abundant bloom and growth, but it should be well rinsed off with clean water, so as not to injure the foliage.

If one has not the muscle to prepare for a large bed, a rustic box or tub could be arranged with the same soil for a few roses.

Such a small garden could be cared for without too great a tax on one's strength, and might prove a delight where a great bed would be a burden.

By being careful to have the earth dry off—just moist enough to prevent shriveling—for if too wet, the roots would be apt to rot; such a box could be easily wintered in an ordinary cellar, and the roses would be all ready to grow again in the spring.

Roses in pots should have a soil of one-third well-rotted cow manure to two-thirds rich garden soil, if it can be obtained; but if it cannot be got, tea and coffee grounds makes a nice cool manure.

Bake all soil well, to kill any lurking insects, and cool before using; *drain* the pots well; wood coals are the best, as they make the colors of nearly all plants more brilliant, and keep the earth sweet.

Have pots only large enough for the plant, as they will not bloom much in pots till they are full of roots. When they outgrow the pot, they can be easily put into a large one without disturbing the roots.

Fill the pot about half-full of earth, spread out the roots neatly and *firm* the rest of the soil round it so it will stand

without support, leave a space of half an inch or so below the top of the pot, so the water will not all run off when watering, then water thoroughly, and keep in the shade a few days.

When it shows new growth, give it a nice, sunny place, and keep the foliage clean; when they are blooming a drink of weak cow manure, tea, or coffee prepared as for drinking will increase the size and quantity of the roses greatly.

A nice way to keep away insect pests from pot roses is to put a cloth round the earth in the pot, turn it upside-down, and shake the top of the plant well in a tub of suds, wash-days; of course, it should be rinsed off with clean water, and kept from the sun until dry again.

After potted roses have bloomed profusely, sometimes they will drop all their leaves; when they do, they should be allowed to rest; let the earth become dry, then only water enough to prevent being dust dry till they begin growing, and even then be very sparing of water till they are thrifty, if you do not want to kill them.

For all the numerous tribes of out-of-door insects, turn over the under-side of the leaves and sprinkle thoroughly with soap-suds—it can be done quite nicely with a whisk broom—and then dust with Persian insect powder or snuff; sulphur will often drive rose-bugs when nothing else will.

These simple remedies will give the quietus to the bugs as well as poisons, without danger of using them, though perhaps they will require more applications.

This may seem, to some, to be a great deal of work, but in this world but few of us have but small "gains without pains." Flowers do like being mother-in-lawed; and "eternal vigilance" is the price of many things, as well as of "liberty."

SUE H.

LIFE is a school with its various classes, and he who lives it aright knows that each one is meant to be a preparation for the next. Has he learnt the lessons of one? If so, he will gladly enter the next, knowing that many failures await him, but that none can be so ignominious as the stagnation of mind and heart that would prevent him from entering in.

HOUSE FURNISHING.

IT is my intention to describe how I furnished a nine-room house at an expense of five hundred dollars. Everything was complete from parlor to kitchen. I will begin with the parlor. First, I bought five pounds of walnut stain putty, and, with an old knife, and an old pair of gloves on my hands, I filled all the cracks in my floor—which were not few—then I bought twenty-five cents' worth of red cherry stain, and fifty cents' worth of varnish. I gave the floor one coat of stain. When it had thoroughly dried, I put on a coat of varnish; a prettier, brighter floor I never looked upon. I treated the surbase in a like manner. My walls were very, very prettily papered, but I did not like the border, so I bought three rolls of a plain blue paper at twenty-five cents a piece, and a pretty, narrow gilt edge. I pasted my blue paper the full width, just touching the edge of the paper to the edge of the ceiling paper. At the bottom of the blue I pasted my gilt border. The effect was wonderful, and only cost, all told, one dollar and twenty-five cents. Then for my floor, I bought four Angora mats at three dollars apiece, two were blue, two white. For my furniture I bought from the manufacturers a plain, unfinished wood sofa and three chairs (two wall chairs and one large chair), also two pine tables (one square top and four legs), the other a round top and three legs, two picture frames the same size, one small looking-glass ten by twelve inches, set in a pine frame twenty-seven by twenty-seven inches, costing, in all, thirty dollars. The reigning color of the room I desired blue, so I decided to buy blue brocatelle to cover the sofa, and two wall chairs—it required one and a half yards for the sofa, and half a yard for the chairs, it is very wide material, costing four dollars a yard. The braid was fifteen cents a yard—it needed six yards. One paper of tacks, one paper of gimp tacks, fifteen cents for both packages. With the stain left from the floor, I stained

my sofa and two wall chairs cherry, also the square table. I had used all my varnish for the floor; I had to buy fifty cents' worth more. After the stain and varnish were thoroughly dried, I began my upholstering. I did not tuft it, I think it is so much prettier when put on perfectly plain. I was astonished at myself, my three pieces of furniture were just beautiful. My next piece of work was my large chair; I must admit that rather startled me, still I did not despair; I decided it should be a silver chair (so to speak). I bought one can of silver-gray paint, ten cents per can, then bought one bottle of silver polish, which cost seventy-five cents for the bottle. I gave the chair two coats of paint. When well dried, I polished it with my silver polish. The next question was, now what color plush shall I buy? I finally decided upon gray watered plush; it just measured one and a half yards in length, but I had a strip left from the width of the plush, about eight inches wide—it cost one dollar and seventy-five cents a yard. The braid I used was a beautiful gray and silver gimp, at thirty cents a yard, I bought two yards. It was not nearly so hard to cover as I thought it would be; I soon had it finished, and it was decidedly lovely. My round table (with three legs) I treated in like manner as my silver chair. I painted and silvered the top and legs all alike. I bought a Neapolitan bust to stand upon the table, for which I paid three dollars and seventy-five cents. Next came my picture frames. I bought two pounds of Acme oatmeal, one quart of hominy, half-pound glue. I melted the glue, and, while it was hot, spread it over the frame; while the glue was still hot I spread the oatmeal all over the frame. When the glue was cold I gave it another coat of the hot glue, and dropped here and there some hominy; when that had set, I gave them (of course I treated each frame alike) a coat of the gray paint, then polished them with the silver polish. I bought at

auction two very pretty pictures at one dollar and fifty cents apiece. For the square table, which I had stained cherry, I bought a pretty lamp, costing two dollars. I am going to lay particular stress upon my lamp-shade. It was just exactly that which I needed to brighten my room. The gas fixtures were very pretty, but I prefer to burn a lamp, it seems to make a room look so cozy. I bought three bunches of pink ostrich feather tips, at eighty-five cents a bunch, also two yards of pink satin ribbon at thirty cents per yard. I measured the top of my plain glass shade, then with my pink ribbon sewed together the exact size of measurement, I sewed my feathers, one by one, on to the ribbon, forming a complete circle of pink feathers, with the tip of the feathers hanging down toward the lamp-stand. I glued the tips of the feathers on to the glass shade to hold them in place; with my third bunch of feathers I sewed two, one after the other, around the top of the shade on to the ribbon, making a pretty finish for the top with my remaining feather. I bunched it with the ribbon bow on to one side; nothing more delicate could be imagined.

I used the great precaution of *always* removing the shade to light the lamp (to prevent a fire). My looking-glass frame I covered with the plush (gray) left from the large chair; it occurred to me a bunch of pink feathers and some pink ribbon in the left-hand corner would be just the thing, so I bought another bunch, being particular the feathers and ribbon should match the feathers on my lamp-shade. I then decided upon an easel and pedestal. I went again to the manufacturers and bought a plain pine easel and pedestal. The pedestal I painted cherry and varnished it, then I bought a pretty blue china vase standing sixteen inches high, with pink morning glories standing in relief—it cost just four dollars and fifty cents. My easel was also painted cherry and then varnished. I placed on the easel my looking-glass with the gray plush frame. The next and last, although of no little consequence, came my curtains. Finally, after looking all around and asking every person's advice and consulting their taste, I did as we usually do in such cases, bought just exactly that which no one ever thought of or suggested, that was blue

India silk, the exact shade of the border on my wall—it took just twelve yards, three yards to one length. It is not considered good taste to have your curtains touch the floor nor reach the ceiling. I bought a pair of plain red cherry poles at seventy-five cents per pair. I made a casing at the top of my curtains just wide enough to slip the poles through. My brackets that came with the poles I painted with my gray paint and polished them with the silver polish; they made a beautiful contrast to the blue curtains. The time for looping curtains is past, so I drew my curtains back on the pole, making them hang full and spreading only to about the width of ten inches. Can my readers imagine my parlor? I have had some of the wealthiest families exclaim upon my delicately furnished parlor. No doubt their own had cost them thousands of dollars, while mine had cost me only seventy-three dollars and sixty-three cents. I did not do it from necessity, but from a desire to see what I could do. I had two thousand dollars given to me to use for my furniture. Next I shall describe my dining-room.

1 sofa,	\$10.00
2 chairs, \$1.50 apiece,	3.00
1 chair,	3.00
2 tables, 50 cents apiece,	1.00
2 frames, 37½ cents apiece,	75
1 looking-glass and frame,	1.50
Paint, varnish, and putty,	1.50
4 rugs, \$3.00 each,	12.00
2 yards brocatelle, \$4.00 per yard,	8.00
6 yards braid, 15 cents per yard,	90
2 papers tacks,	15
Silver polish,	75
1½ yards gray plush, \$1.75 per yard,	3.63
1 Neapolitan bust,	3.75
1 vase,	4.50
Wall paper,	1.25
Pictures,	3.00
Pedestal,	1.00
Lamp,	2.00
4 bunches feathers, 85 cents per bunch,	3.40
4 yards ribbon, 30 cents per yard,	1.20
1 easel,	1.25
12 yards India silk, 55 cents per yard,	6.60

\$73.63

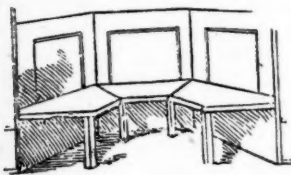
LAURIE E. DUCKETT.

INTERIOR DECORATION.

DINING-ROOMS.

WHEN any one asks me for the most important feature of the dining-room, I invariably answer, "a cheerful exposure." I know no mistake in domestic architecture so great as that which makes the dining-room a dark place, with nothing better than the gloomy view of our neighbors' fences or back yard to keep us company while we feel our way with the knife and fork on a dull winter's morning.

In my own experience it has not always been possible to remedy this mistake without using a room up-stairs for the dining-room, but I have never hesitated to



WINDOW SEAT FRAME.

make this arrangement, for, with a "dumb waiter," the room up-stairs is easily served from the kitchen, and if light and cheerfulness are gained by the change, these will compensate for any inconvenience.

Next to a bright outlook and plenty of light, I believe I like best a bay window in the dining-room; indeed, the addition of this last rarely fails to secure the first requisite. Bay windows can be added at such trifling cost that no one needs to have a dining-room now without one, and even a *tiny* one will do much toward enlivening an otherwise dreary room.

Having made your selection of the best room possible for the purpose, you must decide, before you buy or make a single article, first, what character you wish your room to assume, and second, what things are absolutely essential to this character.

People of great wealth proclaim the

fact by long, high dining-halls, with their massive oak or mahogany woodwork, their groined ceilings, their wondrous side-boards for the display of plate and glass. But ordinary people cannot have these things, and I, for my part, cannot imagine why any one should want them, for any reason than because, in olden days, the possession of these things was supposed to stamp the owner with some special mark or aristocracy or success. But in our day this is changing fast—grace and elegance are taking the place of display, and we are learning to enshrine our Goddess of Social Dinners in a temple more gay than solemn. I think, indeed, we are rather overdoing the matter—giving to our rooms too much glitter and sparkle; but this is never the temptation of the woman with limited means—to her I shall have to use every argument I am possessed of to keep her from making a bare, cold room, when it is just as easy to have it warm and lovely.

Now what is essential to this cheerful character? First of all—color. I think we are always more impressed by the color of rooms than by any other one thing about them.

For the wall paper, I should choose something in a shade of red, or some combination of yellow and brown, or, perhaps, pale-green and red, but I never advise blue in large masses for a dining-room, unless the room is exceedingly tiny, and even with pale green I must be sure there is light enough to stand this rather daring color.

When you go to buy your paper know what you want, and do not listen to the siren song of the paper-hanger, who will doubtless sing to you of the "handsome" conventional papers he "uses so much for dining-rooms." Choose for yourself. Let the wall be covered with plain paper—the dado and frieze being figured—if your ceiling is high enough to admit of dado and frieze.

A dining-room I know is so much admired by all who see it, and is so

easily and economically copied that I shall describe it as a hint of what may be done in yellow rooms.

The body of the walls is covered with a felting in a soft, pure yellow. It is quite a strong yellow, and, in the hands, a piece of felting looked very like a mustard plaster. Many were the jokes showered on the intrepid woman who dared to use this paper on her walls, but, once it was put up, every one was obliged to concede that it was rich and warm, without any suggestion of mustard.

The dado—a mixture of the same with a dull brown—extends to the chair rail—the yellow background covered with a scrawly conventional pattern of big poppy leaves and seedpods of the brown. The room is too low to admit of a frieze, or even a border, so, in place of either of these, a picture rod, painted brown like the design in the dado, was put close against the rather deep cornice, which was painted in shades of yellow like the paper—growing gradually lighter toward the top, where it met the ceiling paper. This was of the faintest shade of blue—selected to harmonize with yellow, and chosen with the idea of *lifting* the too-low ceiling; on the blue ground were innumerable tiny gilt cobwebs; but these hardly showed until night, when the chandelier threw its light upon them.

All the woodwork in this room was walnut, but there was not a great deal of it, since one end of the room was a bay window and the other end an open archway, and therefore there was not too much dark in the mantel-shelf, chair rail, and window finishings. There were a set of chairs and a sideboard in this room, all in polished walnut, but I wish to speak more particularly of these later on, when I can dwell at length on the furniture of a dining-room.

When it can be afforded, leather paper, chosen of a light, golden tone, makes the handsomest of all dining-room papers. But it must not be too dark, and must be relieved by frieze and dado of red and gold in large patterns, and every inch of woodwork painted a dull, dark red to match—even the chair rail and the picture rod must be red, while the ceiling can be pale lemon with white designs.

Japanese paper, with its fine metallic lustre, is very useful in this place, but

since all leather papers are expensive and beyond the reach of many, some cheaper schemes of decoration may be acceptable. For a "compromise" on the score of expense, the walls might be a pale terracotta, with dado and frieze of Japanese paper—very dull gilt over pale red background—and the woodwork a pale red also; but should even this "compromise" be impossible, then the inexpensive yellow room, described above, might be attempted, or, as a final economy, a paper at ten or twelve cents, in two shades of pale sage-green for the walls, a red and gold design at fifty cents for dado, and a frieze border at twenty-five cents a yard, with a pale pinky terracotta for ceiling, at twelve cents a roll, will be pretty and cheap. The dado may seem expensive, but this part of the wall receives so much more wear than any other that strong, good paper is necessary here, and, besides, when a dado wears shabby it can be renewed at little cost, thus making the impression of a fresh room. It is an excellent way to do up a room when your purse is nearly exhausted, and sometimes a dado put in where no dado was before has a marvelous effect.

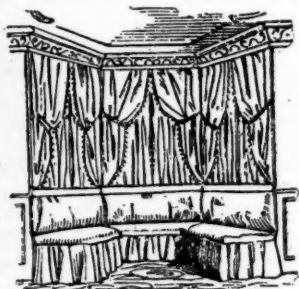
The picture rod and chair rail are absolutely essential—the last to protect the walls from the chairs which are apt to be pushed back against it; it should not be placed too high to do its work, neither should it be too heavy. I find in most rooms that a three-inch molding stained or painted to match the rest of the wood is quite heavy enough. It should allow the top of the back of the chair just to touch it.

The place for the picture rod is at the lower edge of the frieze or border. It is generally painted to match the prevailing tint of the frieze, or of the paper below it, but if these are too heavy in color, it may be found in silvery or coppery gold lacquer, or, simpler still, may be painted to match the woodwork.

This molding for picture rods is found at all paper-hangers, who charge, of course, for putting it up; but any man with an ounce of brain can do it for you. From this rod the pictures are hung by copper or silvered wires, which pass over the lower bend of the hook whose upper bend is fitted over the rod. The use of these hooks makes it unnecessary to drive nails

into the walls—a ruinous thing for paper and plaster—and allows you to change the position of your pictures whenever you may wish, without entailing any of the labor of the old plan. The hooks are so arranged that two pictures can hang on one hook, one above the other, without any interference of the wires.

If you are fortunate enough to have the bay window I advocate, let me advise you to curtain it (as illustrated) with white curtains against the panes, or some of the flimsy Turkish goods; this will be quite



CURTAINED BAY WINDOW.

sufficient for a room of moderate size and a small window, but if things are on a larger scale, you can have over-curtains of fine cretonne or double velours, which must reach only to the window-sill. If the room is very large and light, the bay window may be partially cut off from it by draping a curtain straight across the entrance, or arch, but this is not often a successful treatment in our ordinary houses. In case it should be decided upon, the pane curtains are needed too, and the window should have in it pots of growing bushy plants. Better than this plan, however, is the cozy seat beneath the bay window. There is nothing so inviting, and yet it is very easy and inexpensively done. Sometimes it is really an "indispensable" in a dining-room without closets, for, in that unfortunate house, this window seat may be a box in which to keep the table linen, and in one compartment of which can be put all the "stock" china. If you do not need the box, the seat may be a skeleton merely, and thus be very inexpensive. I illustrate this frame, the top of which is to be covered with burlaps stretched tight and nailed closely, and on this rests a cushion

covered with cretonne (like the curtains, if over curtains are used) while a frill of the same cretonne is tacked to the front edge of the frame, and cushions at the back are made exactly the size to fit under the window-ledge. These back cushions should be held against the wall by being suspended upon brass rods, which pass through rings sewed to the back of the cushions, just as curtains are hung; it is needless to say that the rods are fixed to the wall in such a way that neither they or the rings are seen.

FAILURE. The real meaning of failure is not commonly understood. Byron-well says, "They never fail who die in a great cause." It is those who never have any great cause at heart to live for, to strive for, and if needs be, to suffer for, who fail in the arena of life. Indeed, if we are not stumbling and falling, if we are not meeting with rebuffs and defeats, but are going on softly and smoothly in an accustomed round, pleased with ourselves and proud of our perfections, then we may well be afraid that we are making a failure of life itself. Only by pressing upward and onward, in spite of sharp rocks and aching feet and painful falls, can we make the ascent which alone reveals the beauty and the glory of life.

SOCIETY. The opinions expressed of society as a whole are a tolerably fair criterion of the character of the one who holds them. It is the man of unflinching integrity who has the most faith in the general honesty of the community—a faith not shaken by the occasional experience he meets of the reverse. It is the unscrupulous and slippery man who suspects roguery in every quarter, and ridicules the very idea of disinterestedness. He who complains that the world is hollow and heartless unconsciously confesses his own lack of sympathy, while he who believes that people as a whole are kindly and humane is certain to have the milk of human kindness in his own nature.

WHATEVER you may be sure of, be sure at least of this, that you are much like other people. Human nature has a greater genius for sameness than for originality.

HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

BUFFET SCARF IN CUT WORK.

THE size of the scarf is regulated by the size of the buffet. Take a piece of what is known as "butcher's" or any other heavy strong linen; have it exactly the width of the buffet after allowing for the hems on the sides. Make the scarf long enough to cover the top of the buffet and to hang down over each side about a quarter of a yard.

First you must neatly baste down the hems, and then trace your pattern on each end. It is not necessary to have the scarf

several times with linen floss. Work the edges with buttonhole stitch, after the manner of worked eyelet holes on dresses. These bridges must be firm and straight, yet, like the eyelet, they should not in any way be attached to the linen. When

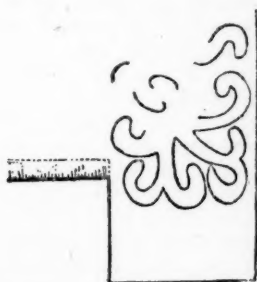


stamped, for if there are no printed patterns within reach, draw the design on paper from the pattern on a curtain, a carpet, or a wall-paper. Make the lines black and distinct on strong paper, so they may be traced off on the linen. Very often most beautiful designs can be obtained in this way.

To avoid a double thickness made by the hem on the sides of the pattern, carefully cut the hem as in the diagram, and unfold it, but do not cut the extra portions entirely off until after the scarf is worked, as it would ravel out. Now hem down the sides, and then make little bars or "bridges," where the pattern nears them, by crossing from one edge to the other



these are finished, embroider the design. Use heavy linen, and work all the outlines of the pattern with buttonhole stitch, then take a small pair of sharp scissors, and



cautiously cut out all the interstices where the edge of the buttonhole stitch is made. Turn the scarf on the wrong side and see that no raveled or raw edges remain. This cut work is handsome, and it also wears well, and when washed it should be ironed on the wrong side; it will then look like new.

USEFUL FANCY WORK.

MANY new designs for ornamental needlework are now making their appearance in the windows, and as house-keepers are beginning to think how they shall freshen up their houses after the winter has gone, inexpensive and yet effective articles to embroider will speedily find workers and purchasers.

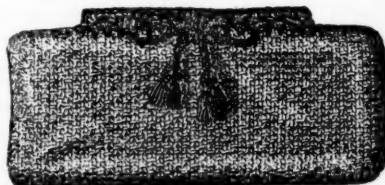
Among the novel ideas for well-known ornaments is a wall pocket made out of what appears to be a tennis racquet draped with soft silks. As, however, a full-sized tennis racquet is too large for beauty, a child's racquet, or an ordinary sized battledore is used in its place. This battledore is laid along a wall, so that its handle is horizontal. Two pieces of silks of contrasting colors, such as shrimp-pink and green, pale-green and amber, pale-yellow and flame-yellow are joined together, and then twisted in loose folds round the handle to close to the bat part, where the silks are firmly secured. The pieces of silk that cross the bat are lined with fairly stiff muslin, and then sewn round the bottom edge of the battledore and up each side for a few inches, in such a manner that they make a pocket, and yet allow the strings and upper portion of the bat to show; no stitching is necessary to keep the top of the pocket in position, provided the muslin lining is fairly stiff and the colored silks well secured at the sides. Any ladies with a little taste can make these ornaments at home from odd pieces of plush, satin, silk, and art muslin, the latter material requiring to be mixed with plush and satin to make it sufficiently firm.

The art muslin chair-backs are very inexpensive and easily made, but they soon soil and tumble in a drawing-room, and require constant ironing and washing. They are made of a width of the material, and finished at each end with two rows of narrow frills put on as small box-plaitings, and as full as is compatible with lying flat. These chair-backs can be arranged according to fancy, either caught up tightly in the centre and there finished with a made-up silk rosette, or a colored silk handkerchief, or gathered loosely together near one of the sides, and there secured with two bands of different colored ribbons, which, after passing round the

muslin, are tied into a number of loose bows. Some people, instead of using ribbons for these chair-backs, insert small Japanese fans, peacocks' feathers, or large sunflowers, or yellow chrysanthemums, but nothing is in such good taste as the ribbon bows.

NOTES ON THE NEEDLEWORK OF THE MONTH.

HOUSE-CLEANING will soon be the all-absorbing business of the day, and, though most housewives look forward to it with dread, many others anticipate with pleasure the work of refreshing up their rooms with dainty curtains, new knickknacks, and pretty trifles of all kinds, that are too delicate to be exposed to the influences of the fog, smoke, and dust of winter. There are few contriv-



BROOM COVER.

ances for lessening this task of cleaning that can properly find their place in our needlework department; but this month we have illustrated a capital little cover that is intended to be tied over a broom. This will be found more convenient for sweeping down the walls than is the traditional duster, which is too often tied on by careless fingers and has a tiresome knack of slipping off the broom at a critical point of the proceedings, thus causing it to make an unsightly scratch the whole length of the wall. Our cover is knitted in coarse white or unbleached cotton, with two wooden or ivory needles in the following manner: Cast on sixty stitches, and knit eighty rows alternately, one stitch plain, one purl. The stitches that were knitted in first row must be purled in the next. Then cast off and join the first and last fourteen stitches of the last row to the corresponding stitches in the first row. Sew up the ends, then with red cotton crochet a row of single

stitches round the opening. Into these work four chain, one long double crochet, then * one chain, miss one, one large double crochet into the next ; repeat from * all round ; lastly, work one single into

the first of the four chain. A crochet chain finished with tassels serves to tie the cover to the broom-handle, and is run in and out through the holes made in the chain in the last row.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING.

EMPIRE fashions take the lead, and the straight line is the ideal of beauty. The fronts of dresses are to be covered with ornamentation, and the back is to be left perfectly plain. Steels and improvers are supposed to be things of the past, although a very small cushion is inserted at the back of the waist, if it is necessary. Enormous patterned brocades will be adopted for day wear—not for the entire dress, but for sleeves and front, the latter being partially concealed by the sides of the coat. A pretty dress of this description is made of *vieux bleu* cashmere with the waistcoat and *tablier* and large puffed sleeves of large patterned brocades in which large tulips of cream shaded to red appear on a background of the same shade of blue. These detached patterns are to be specially popular, and will be much more worn than stripes or checks. Some of the new *mousseline de laines* have sprays of blue roses and corn-flowers on a cream-colored ground, or bunches of wheat on dark-blue. Striped-faced cloth is one of the novelties of the season, and small neutral-tinted checks will also be popular, covered with an over-check formed of a line of pure bright color. Mineral-green is a pretty new color, and is simply lovely combined with black. *Vieux bleu* is also successful, carrying out the same idea of a bright tint mellowed by time, which was first introduced in the *vieux rouge*. Most of the Empire dresses will be made with the front breadth decorated with a deep border, which will either be embroidered or *appliqué*, or else form an integral part of the material. White cashmeres with Paisley borders will make up very prettily, and *vieux rose* cashmeres, with the

VOL. LIX.—38.

front breadth covered with small diamond-shaped pieces of cream-colored lace and a border to match would be simply lovely with black hat and gloves.

On page 558 we give sketches of costumes which may be varied as to color and combination to suit the taste of the wearer.

At the top of the page is a piquant little costume for a child of seven or eight years, in terra-cotta costume cloth, with a cream vest, braided with terra-cotta and lines of dark-brown braiding on the dress itself.

The box-plaited skirt is attached to a short bodice of lining, with the front faced to represent a white vest, the whole in one, and fastening up the back.

The little jacket is put on separately, and fastens each side with buttons to the white vest.

This forms a very attractive costume in navy-blue and crimson, or in brown and fawn, or green and tan ; or the vest and skirt may correspond and the jacket be of a darker shade, or of velvet in the same color as dress.

The costume, fig. 1, is of cloth, in a soft gray tint, braided with the darkest gray mohair braid ; and the vest and front of skirt may be of the same material in folds, or of gray faille in a paler shade.

The epaulettes are simply plaited, and may be caught up high in the centre, as now worn, or left plain, or they may be omitted if unbecoming to the figure.

For those who prefer blouse bodices, the jacket top may be omitted and a full blouse formed, a sash of soft gray silk passing round the waist and falling in long ends on the left side.

Fig. 2 is a dressy costume of plain and

striped cloth, with revers and trimmings of velvet. The stripe is in a soft shade of

The skirt is very slightly looped at the back, and the sides are draped the least



olive, and the plain in the color known as asperge or asparagus-green. The velvet is of the deepest olive-green.

bit on the hips, but hang straight in front and turn back with velvet revers from the plaits of paler green.

The bodice simulates a pointed full bodice worn under a short skirt, but is really made in one, the under part fasten-

and do not fall open at the edges, as shown on costume fig. 1.

Some very pretty fashions are shown



ing over to the left side, and the coat being attached with hooks above it.

These fronts are quite close and firm,

on this page. A very pretty, youthful-looking frock (fig. 4) is in pale terracotta beige, a material rather looser than

de laine, and the pattern printed on it resembles willow catkins. Then there is a delightful little fawn dress, with a

verging on extravagance. The third costume (fig. 5) is of black cashmere and silk, with a sort of half-panel on the left-



brown stripe, very simply made up (fig. 1), and the very thing for a young lady who wishes to be neat and *chic* without

hand side, finished off with a passementerie ornament and an oblong piece of silk on the left. A great many of these new

dressess are being made with outside pockets just to take the *mouchoir*. The cloaks are such as will be largely worn during the coming season, fig. 2 being a Russian circular of thin gray cloth, edged all round the front with a shaped band of gray moiré, and fastened with a handsome clasp. The brown cloth one (fig. 3) has smocking in front and on each shoulder.

Bonnets show some pretty novelties. Many of the newest are entirely made of ribbon, with strings starting from the back, and others of a kind of chip or crinoline. A low-crowned black chip hat, with green ribbons and a little ivy, is charming; and a bonnet with two shades of terra-cotta and two of green is most harmonious.

Gentlemen have their fashions as well as ladies, and just now they are strong on pocket-handkerchiefs with colored borders. The whole margin beyond the hemstitch is pink, scarlet, or blue, and in two of the white corners there are four spots the size of bezants of the same color, arranged diamond fashion, while in each of the other two corners there are only two spots.

The little wrap at the top of page 560 is of mousse-gray plush, trimmed with bands of black and white brocaded velvet, the white parts completely covered with steel beads.

This fashion of beading the sunk portions of brocaded velvet is not only very economical, but makes a superb trimming if the colors are judiciously chosen. Brown velvet brocade on a lighter background is simply lovely if filled in with a mixture of gold purse beads and copper jet, with here and there a flat triangle or stud bead in copper jet.

Our model is lined with pale gray surah, and trimmed with gray ribbons. The back is very short, and has a couple of plaits at the centre seam, and may be cut from three yards of plush.

Half a yard of brocaded velvet is ample for trimmings, and four yards of ribbon, or the ribbon may be omitted altogether. Jet trimming may be used in similar fashion on strips of light-colored silk or moiré.

The costume on left-hand side of the page is fancy striped brown Ottoman silk and plush made as a long "Princesse" coat, with revers of faille

and narrow panels, and vest on pale tan-colored habit cloth, braided with brown silk braid. The front plaits are of plain tan color cloth, and the vest fastens invisibly with alternate hooks and eyes on either side, straight down the centre of bodice.

On the right hand the costume is of blue-gray foulé, with some slight braiding on the drapery, and a braided vest in dark steel-gray braid arranged on the foulé composing the gown.

The foundation skirt is specially cut for this costume, and is fuller and straighter than the ordinary foundation skirt. The front and sides are covered with striped material, put on quite plain, a tiny frill of plain material going on the under lining.

The striped material used in our sketch is the "Juliet" cloth, with colored silk stripes, which are here cut on the cross, but may be placed to run round the skirt, if so preferred.

INFANCY is the only time when it is natural or right to be exclusively recipient. Between this time and full maturity, giving and taking should be wisely alternated, until one becomes as essential to happiness as the other. It is not kindness, but cruelty, to neglect this training in responsibility, to allow youth quietly to appropriate everything and contribute nothing. It is simply a training in selfishness, which quickly bears ingratitude as one of its fruits.

NOTHING opens so wide a door to vice, to crime, to evil habits of every description, as the absence of occupation. The downward course of many a promising youth, the ruin of many a hopeful life, may be distinctly traced to the void caused by having nothing definite and positive to do. The faculties must be active, the energies must be at work; and, if not employed for good, they will be for evil.

CONSCIENCE is like a sun-dial. If you let truth shine upon it, it will point you right; but you may cover it over so that no truth can fall upon it, or you may let false light gleam upon it, and then it will lead you astray if you follow its guidance.

DRESSMAKING AT HOME.

FOR the preparation of a bodice lining a new wrinkle is to sew canvas on each side from the shoulder-seam to under-the-arm seam, rounding it to fit the arm-seam on the outer edge and allowing it to almost reach the collar on the inner side, then narrowing it down so that it is about nothing when it reaches the under-seam. This takes in the hollow around the front of the arm and part of the collar-bone, where the bodice is very apt to wrinkle when the wearer moves. The canvas is stiff enough to prevent this, and it should be stitched on the lining, between it and the outside fabric.

So exact has fitting become that bodices of riding habits are interlined with canvas in every part, to give the wearer the unwrinkled, erect appearance now desired. All collars must be canvas lined, so this material is an important factor in dress-making. A good idea for very stout persons is to have forms or small pieces from the first darts made of lining and canvas, boned on the front edges, and laced with a cord through eyelets worked just back of the bones. They should be half an inch apart when you begin to lace, and serve many purposes, as they remove the strain from the bodice buttons, keep the form erect and hold the bust up. Each piece is about five inches deep, just comes to the bottom of the waist line, and is sewn in the first darts.

The neatest manner of sewing bone casings on is to feather-stitch them with flax thread, which can be obtained in all colors, and costs less than silk. I have already spoken of horn and covered bones, and now wish to recommend the feather bones that are light, pliable, and unbreakable. The pointed bodice backs now in fashion must be boned down the centre back from five inches above the waist line to the extreme end of the point, and then crosswise bones are inserted on each side, on the lower edge, from the side-gore seams to the point, which is only stylish when kept in a slender, unbroken form.

562

The very short bodices now worn require the belt, which is set up a trifle above the waist to keep the bodice down, feather-stitched to the side-gore seams as well as the side form and centre back, or the bodice and skirt may separate when reaching up.

Sleeves are slightly full again over the top of the shoulder, though no definite gathers should be seen. The rounded top has two close rows of shirrings near the edge, which are carefully stroked and sewed so as to give an easy, slightly full appearance over the point of the shoulders. The short-waisted look of the Empire dresses now worn for home and full-dress toilettes is given by the broad, soft sash or girdle worn, as the waists are made long enough to tuck under the skirt belt, which fastens over them. If a ribbon or surah sash is pulled out in front to imitate a pointed girdle, as many are, there should be a bone inserted about six inches long, caught at the top and bottom after boring a hole in each end.

The long Directoire coats, when made of soft woolen material or silk, require an entire lining of silesia or sateen, according to the purse, to keep the plain skirt part from hanging in a clinging or "slimpsey" fashion. Button-molds covered with the dress material are worn again as a trimming, especially on the Directoire coats, where they appear on the pockets, cuffs, revers and three on each side of the front, from the bust to the waist line. In covering the molds, cut each piece so as to bring any figure or stripe there may be in the fabric exactly in the centre of the button. Gather around the edge of the circle, pull the thread up very tightly, and sew it firmly back and forwards so as to form a stem to the button by which it is sewed to the garment. On the outside of the mold the material should set perfectly smooth.

A neat finish for tailor-made suits of ladies' cloth, chevots, serge, or tweed is a binding of silk braid about two-thirds of

an inch wide, of the same shade or in black, which is hemmed down on the right side and then on the inner one, and not stitched as has been previously done. The braid is applied to all edges of the apron—kilt plaits if they are worn—front and lower edges of bodice, cuffs, and collars. When put on the underskirt, it may be in straight rows like a border, unless the kilt plaits are preferred.

Put sheet wadding in trained skirts from the knees to the end of the train, in the back breadths only, and between the lining and material. This holds the train out well, which must also be lined with cross-barred crinoline, and gives the material a richer appearance. Ordinary silks can be given an exceedingly elegant style by lining the entire back breadths with wadding, and the front ones also, if they are not covered with drapery. The soft wadding imparts a thick look to silk or satin, which only rightfully belongs to those handsome materials that are said to "stand alone."

One steel has been dropped, and only one or two used at the back of the dress. These are of medium sizes, eighteen and twenty-one inches, with the first one put in about eleven inches below the belt and the second, seven and a half inches below

that one, allowing one inch extra for each steel and only half an inch for the bustle, which must be small and narrow. The manner of curving the top for this allowance was explained in my former paper. Skirts are now being made so as to well touch the ground in the back, but it is to be hoped that such an untidy and dust-sweeping fashion will never become general. A new skirt is made in four pieces, with a seam down the centre, both back and front, and on each side. It hangs well and is easy to walk in. The fitting at the top of this French skirt is done by two long V's on each side, and also by easing the top edge into the belt.

Fluffy trimmings are much used for skirt edges, and they take the form of one, two, or three silk flounces pinked on the lower part, gathered and sewed on to overlap, the top one to have an erect heading. These only show when the skirt blows, but they serve to hold it out in a fluffy manner which is now greatly desired. Evening dresses have these under a lace ruffle, and ordinary woolen suits are finished with a full knife-plaiting of the material, if silk is too expensive, but in any case, a very full appearance around the bottom of the skirt must be given by the trimming only, as the width remains the same.

EMMA M. HOOPER, *Author of "The Art of Renovating," etc.*

BABYLAND.

MAY DAY.

"WHY about so early
O'er the meads to stray
In the fresh, bright morning
Of the sweet May day?"

"We've come to gather flowers
Wet with angel's tears,
Haven't you heard the story
All these glorious years?"

"Why the weeping angels
Throng where flowers grow?
Oh! angels tears are tears of joy—
Really didn't you know?"

L. R. BAKER.

WHAT THE BLUE JAY DID.

A SAUCY blue jay had built a home
in the evergreen by the gate. Little Katie, the lame girl, came down the hill singing gayly.

For wasn't she going to visit Auntie Haskell? And when she went there, didn't she always have the cunningest cookies cut in the shape of dogs and lambs and squirrels? There was usually a handful of nuts or raisins for the little girl. Auntie Haskell knew just how to make children happy. She let Katie play on her melodeon; nobody else ever allowed the child to touch an instrument.

Maybe Auntie would make her some taffy; she hoped so.

Katie was thinking of all this as she trudged along. She reached the gate, sun-bonnet in hand. She raised the latch and was looking toward the house, when suddenly something was on Katie's head, pulling her hair.

How Katie did scream! and how she went as fast as her poor lame feet would carry her to the house.

What do you suppose it was?

The bluejay saw her coming, and thinking she was like some boys who had thrown stones at her, she determined to drive the little girl away.

Wasn't it a naughty bird?

"Don't cry, dear," said Auntie, as Katie sank down on the porch tired out. "I think birdie will understand next time that you don't mean to hurt it."

"My! but I was scared most to death," Katie said. Auntie stroked the brown hair until the child grew quiet.

Then they had some pop-corn and taffy.

But Katie's visit was spoiled. She did not stay to tea as she had intended to do.

"Bluebird is asleep now and won't hurt you," said Auntie, as her visitor said goodbye.

But Katie went home "cross-lots."

She didn't venture to go past that evergreen again.

RENA REYNOLDS.

PUBLISHERS.

MANY THANKS

TO the thoughtful friend who so kindly remembered the HOME with a gift of trailing arbutus. Even in these benighted regions of roofs and chimneys, one sees something of these beautiful messengers of spring, but nothing to compare with the splendid specimens that came from our unknown friend. The plants are stronger, the blossoms larger, and the fragrance greater than in any arbutus we ever saw. We should have been glad to return our thanks directly by letter, but we could not, even with a skill that comes of many necessary efforts, make out even the post mark. We should much like to know in what part of the country such beautiful arbutus grows.

TEMPERANCE TRACTS.

THE National Temperance Society has added four new four-page tracts to their 12mo series, especially adapted for the discussion of the legal aspects of the temperance question, and for circulation in the States carrying on amendment contests. They are:

No. 272. High License a Fallacy.

" 273. Why Constitutional Prohibition?

No. 274. High License does not Diminish the Evil.

" 175. The Drink Traffic the Enemy of Labor.

These tracts are 30 cents per 100, \$3.00 per 1,000; postage 5 cents per 100, or 45 cents per 1,000 additional.

Address J. N. Stearns, Publishing Agent, 58 Reade Street, New York, N. Y.

A NEW MAGAZINE for teachers, outside of the usual line of school journals, will be commenced May 1st, 1889, and will endeavor to interest teachers and older pupils in the best attainments of the scientific, literary, and civil world, and present an "outlook" upon current events, etc. It will be called the *Teacher's Outlook*, and published by the Teachers' Publishing Co., Des Moines, Iowa.

THERE is nothing so depressing as a troublesome corn, it makes us petulant and cross, and unfits us for business or pleasure; but there is no longer any reason to suffer such tortures, as Messrs. W. T. Hanson & Co., of Schenectady, N. Y., have placed upon the market one

of the best cures ever prepared; it causes no pain, and completely removes the painful excrescence. See their card in our advertising columns.

A LETTER FROM DR. HANS VON BÜLOW.

THE Knabe Pianos, which I did not know before, have been chosen for my present concert tour in the United States by my impressario and accepted by me on the recommendation of my friend, Bechstein, acquainted with their merits. Had I known these pianos as now I do, I would have chosen them by myself, as their sound and touch are more sympathetic to my ears and hands than all others of the country.

DR. HANS VON BÜLOW.

NEW YORK, April 6th, 1889.
To Messrs. Wm. Knabe & Co.

DRINK THAT IS HEALTHFUL.

USE by the public for one hundred years with ever-widening popularity, ought to be sufficient proof of the excellence of an article of food. Such is the testimonial submitted to the good sense of housekeepers by the proprietors of Walter Baker & Co.'s cocoa. Of the legion who cannot drink tea or coffee steadily without deleterious effects, probably nearly all have tried this article, and thousands have, from choice, substituted it permanently at the table for the less nutritious

drinks. It is a healthful, refreshing, and delicious beverage. Its vastly increased consumption has enabled its proprietors to place it upon the market at a lower price than ever before, while guaranteeing that its established reputation for absolute purity shall remain unimpaired.

A WORD ABOUT CORSETS.

A CORSET may be an instrument of torture and disease, or it may be a means of comfort and health. The ideal corset is one which allows freedom and ease in the movements of the body, while possessing sufficient firmness to prevent the wrinkling of the dress. Corsets stiffened with whalebone and steel are rigid and uncomfortable, and very liable to break; on the other hand those stiffened with cord or twine are too soft to retain their shape.

To meet these difficulties, the enterprising firm of Warner Bros., nine years ago, introduced a new material called Coraline, which is intermediate in stiffness between whalebone and cord. It preserves the shape of the corset perfectly, is very flexible, and absolutely unbreakable.

Coraline is made only by Warner Bros. and is used by them in twelve different styles of corsets, at prices ranging from one to three dollars each. The merits of these goods are attested by their immense sales, which are now over two millions annually.

"PIPSEY."

"We live in deeds, not years;
In thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial."

THE names of "Pipsey Potts," "Chatty Brooks," and "Rosella Rice" are familiar as household words in hundreds of homes throughout our land. And, though known and loved by the many who have become familiar with them through reading the many articles from their pen which have appeared in various periodicals,

perhaps few persons, comparatively, are aware that the three were one person, and that her real name was Rosella Rice.

She had a prolific mind, was a profuse and interesting writer, and many hearts will be saddened to know that her busy pen has been laid aside forever. She was born at Perrysville, Ashland County, Ohio, August 11th, 1827, and died June 6th, 1888. The following extract from an article by L. M. R., which appeared

in the *Housekeeper* for October, 1888, gives an excellent idea of her literary ability:

"Her best literary work appeared in ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE, and extended over a period of twenty-five years. For it she wrote under her own name and under the fictitious names of "Pipsey Potts" and "Chatty Brooks." She wrote for the *Ohio Farmer*, *Indiana Farmer*, and *Philadelphia weekly Press* under the names of "Mrs. Sam Starkey" and "Mrs. Philander Ricketts." Her articles also appeared in the *Interior*, *Advance*, *Watchman*, *Journal and Messenger*, *Presbyterian Banner*, *Household*, *Housekeeper*, *Little Corporal*, *Toledo Blade*, *Western Rural*, and *Woman's Journal*. She also conducted household departments in her home papers, and contributed largely to recent local histories. Biographical sketches of her are to be found in Allibone's *Directory of Authors*, Appleton's *Encyclopædia*, and Coggeshall's *Poets and Poetry of the West*."

As "Pipsey," I think she came nearer to the hearts of the majority of her readers than in any other character. How many of us have laughed and cried by turns over her vivid pen-pictures from real life, and the quaint characters delineated. Laughed until the tears ran down our cheeks when reading her inimitable sketch of "Deacon Skiles" as a widower, and his never-to-be-forgotten courtship of "Pipsey."

How interested we were in the history of dear old "Deacon Adonijah Potts" (the father), and how our vivacious "Pipsey," in her new green calash, attending their Baptist associations and conventions in various places.

Then there was "Brother Reub," Lily, and Ida, and later the little grandchildren of Deacon Potts, all added to the interest of the life-like, pleasant pictures of home life she gave us, and we took the whole family into our hearts as dearly loved friends.

A series of articles, entitled "The Top-rail Club," were among her later published writings, and were read with much interest.

Witty, humorous, quick to see the ludicrous; pathetic, sympathetic, helpful, and at times sarcastic; quick to defend the wronged and oppressed; she had the power of touching the hearts of her readers in an unusual degree.

Those who have seen her portrait have seen a face of a rather uncommon type, and one indicative of a strong character. The high, full forehead, large clear eyes, well-shaped nose, curving lips, firm chin, all combine to give her a calm, sweet, steadfast expression of countenance, very pleasant to look upon, and one you could intuitively trust. And the quaint style in which she dressed her hair does not detract from the pleasant picture, but rather adds to its attractiveness.

In thinking of "Pipsey," one is naturally led to think of the poet who has said:

"As welcome as sunshine in every place,
Is the beaming approach of a good-natured face;

As genial as sunshine, like warmth to impart,
Is a good-natured word from a good-natured heart."

"Pipsey" and her writings were "as welcome as sunshine" in hundreds of homes. Her bright, helpful sayings were eagerly looked for, and will be greatly missed by those who had grown to love her, and they will all feel a personal bereavement in her death.

Dead? No, not dead, only called up higher to a richer, purer life.

"Meanwhile, with activities
Freer far, and clearer eyes,
Wakes her soul, and warms with love;
First for God and things above;
Then with pity, tender, true,
Loving, praying turns to you;
Draws your heart her joys to see,
Hearts, where treasures are, will be."

ANNA B. QUILLAN.

IPAVA, ILL.

LET no man in despair say, "I am but one." In his unity—as in the unity of a sword—lies his might. If his metal be true, his singleness is strength—he may be multiplied indeed, but he cannot be divided. Minorities, and minorities of one, have generally done the real work of mankind.

AS TRUTH is no less dear to those who are tolerant of error, so righteousness is no less precious to those who are tolerant to wrong-doers. Indeed it is usually those who are most firm in their allegiance to the right that are the most charitable in their judgments, the most modest and reticent in their condemnations.







"BACK FROM MARKET."

